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Sonnet.

BACH.

(DEDICATED, WITH PERMISSION, TO JOHN
TIPLADY CARRODUS, ESQ.).

*Sebastian Bach, old Leipsic's greatest star!
No later jewel has put out thy light,
Which shines each passing year serene and bright
Like that of Sirius gazed at from afar.
No change of manner can thy genius mar,
Or hide thy splendour from the dazzled sight,
Or take aught from the depth of our delight,
Or from the love of thee our hearts debar.
Is thy great power but contrapuntal skill?
Thy fugue but a dead task for nimble hands
To conquer? Such poor food could never fill
The hungry soul. Nay, he that understands
Sees underlying poetry that will still
Spread far and wide, o'er all terrestrial lands.*

C. H. MITCHELL.

Au Courant.

MISS MARGARET FOWLES is one of the most successful of women musical conductors. Miss Fowles organised the Ryde Choral Society in 1874, and from that time to the present has conducted its rehearsals and performances. Among the works which Miss Fowles has been instrumental in placing before the local public are "Samson," "St. Paul," "Judas Maccabæus," "Elijah," Mozart's "Requiem," and others of like distinction, all being given with orchestral accompaniment, and to the satisfaction of the audiences.

MR. HAROLD BAUER, the talented young violinist and pianist, whose name has during the past few years frequently been seen in English concert programmes, has resolved to take up his residence in Paris, where M. Paderewski has invited him to continue a study of the pianoforte under his superintendence.

AN amateur orchestral society is about to be formed in connection with the Irving Dramatic Club. This step—suggested, I believe, by Mr. Charles Fry—is due to the fact that when plays are chosen with which it is desirable to associate incidental music, the expense of a paid orchestra is more than the club's funds will bear. Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch has accepted the conductorship of the new orchestra. It should not long be necessary to plead for the support of adequate talent.

MR. PAUL BEVAN, the honorary secretary of the Japan Society, has published a collection of Japanese songs, with illustrations by Hokusai Kuniyoshi and other famous Japanese artists, which is of quite unusual interest. Mr. Bevan says, in his preface, that the collection is intended

to dispel the prevalent misconception as to the popular music of Japan, by illustrating the agreeable character and, in some instances, the graceful charm of the songs of the Land of the Rising Sun. Although the arrangement is as a rule decidedly European in character, the melodies are strikingly original, and for the most part of great beauty. The collection is entitled "Miyako-Dori," and is published by Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.

MADAME WAGNER has recently been informed of the discovery of a brief but important solo which Wagner struck out of "Lohengrin" shortly before its first performance. It was allotted to the now mute character of little Gottfried, who shortly before the close of the opera is transformed from the figure of the swan to his own natural shape. He then, it appears, should have addressed to the bird a tender farewell. The solo was, however, short, and Wagner despaired of finding a competent artist who would undertake so small a character. He accordingly suppressed it, but wrote a copy of it in the album of his first wife's friend, Frau Lydia Steche, who is now living in the outskirts of Leipsic.

MUSIC lovers will sympathise with Mr. Leo Stern, the clever cello player, and his wife (Nettie Carpenter), the violinist, on the death of their little son, whose name of Pablo plainly recalls his godfather, Senor Sarasate.

FOR the first time for many years, Professor Ruskin attended a public gathering on April 7, being present at the first concert of the Coniston Choral Society. He seemed in good health, and evidently enjoyed the music, frequently encoring the performers. He remained to the close.

IN the exercise of their undoubted right, the stewards of the Worcester Festival have passed over our foremost English violinist, Mr. Carrodus, and given the post of *chef d'attaque* to Mr. Burnett, a very capable and experienced performer, as every amateur knows. Some of the Worcester stewards have proved again and again that they are courteous gentlemen. On account of this fact, I am the more puzzled by the treatment Mr. Carrodus has received.

IT is good to hear, says Mr. Bennett, that the task of preparing a biography of my old friend, J. W. Davison, so long musical critic of the *Times*, has been undertaken by his elder son, Mr. Henry Davison. The result should be a book of great value. During our friendship of twenty years, I repeatedly urged the eminent musical journalist to put on paper the very interesting facts with which his capacious and retentive memory was charged. I even tempted him with an offer to do all the literary work if

he would provide me with the materials. But nothing came of it, and a rich store of information and experience was lost by his death. Happily, J. W. Davison had almost a Chinese reverence for paper on which anything was printed or written, and his biographer is, or should be, in possession of a mass of correspondence.

AN interesting question to street musicians was raised before Mr. Rose at the Worship Street Police-court, but unfortunately still remains unsettled owing to a compromise effected between the parties. Mr. Charters, a verger, was in Bethnal Green, and heard a woman singing a song to which she played the accompaniment on a concertina. Being a bit of a musician himself, he was rather struck not only by her voice, but by her manipulation of the humble bellows instrument, and put his hand into his pocket with the intention of giving her a penny. Instead of a copper he parted with a two-shilling piece, only discovering the mistake when the coin was in her complete possession.

HE demanded restitution, but she refused, on the ground that her song and accompaniment were theoretically worth a florin, and that if her accomplishments had been properly recognised by the world, she would now be singing in the Italian or some other opera at the rate of two shillings per demi-semiquaver or thereabouts. However, she was willing to arrange the matter amicably. Taking a penny as the basis, she would repeat the song twenty-four times—a treat which she considered was dirt-cheap for a florin. The benevolent verger declined these terms, called a policeman, and gave the prima-donna of Bethnal Green into custody. The case came before the magistrate, and a very interesting ethical discussion would undoubtedly have ensued had not the woman agreed to give up the coin in return for her liberty. The verger therefore had his song for nothing, and the concertinist lost her time.

THE members of the Cage-bird Club established recently will be able to quote many royal examples in defence of their hobby. The Princess Beatrice's favourite cage-bird is the canary, and for many years the same might have been said of the Queen. When Mendelssohn was playing at Court on one occasion her Majesty's birds were turned unceremoniously out of the music-room by their mistress's orders, because their powerful vocalisation disturbed the serenity of the gifted composer, who used to say that her Majesty knew his compositions more thoroughly than anyone else in England. In recent years the Queen has found the singing of the yellow-coated birds too strenuous, and at present her canaries have given place to a bullfinch and a linnet. These follow her everywhere, there being special provision for their comfort in the royal train, just as there is for the three pet dogs.

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LIKE a mighty rushing sound, as of released souls, orchestrated, rushing upward to glory. So begins a leaflet on "Congregational Singing; a new movement," which has been sent us from the office of the *New York Musical Courier*. A "new movement" it certainly is, and we are anxious to hear who does it and how it's done. Some hint of the latter is given. The leaflet says: "The small share that is taken in hymn-singing is not calculated to remove lethargy or to inspire. Like an old tooth-comb badly needing the dentist, it is spots of song and spots of silence through the beautiful yawning edifices. . . . It is squeaky and meaningless as to intelligence, not to speak of the musical murder committed, which is sufficient to cause poor Apollo to change his patronage. People must be shaken up to sing!"

* * *

THE leaflet goes on to say that the Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Holy Trinity has at all events decided to try the experiment, under the direction of Mr. John Towers. The name is unknown to me, but the *Musical Courier* people say that Mr. Towers is exceedingly well known in Europe, so I suppose it is all right. He has, at any rate, for three years lectured upon musical matters from shore to shore, and has a sort of spontaneous musical combustion that makes him a valuable representative of whatever cause he may espouse. That sort of man is bound to be useful.

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FURTHER, "choir-masters are discussing the idea." It seems to need discussing, badly. But Mr. Towers has commenced to put it in practice. Lecturing to a congregation, he said: "Three things are absolutely necessary: (1) Keep in tune, (2) keep in tune, (3) keep in tune; and all other things will come in due course." But he urged against the "tobogganing" and "banana-peel slide" in singing. These things would be a source of serious danger to "released souls"—especially, we suppose, if "orchestrated"—"rushing upward to glory." We await with anxiety the latest news of what has been accomplished in this direction.

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MADAME GRIMALDI had the honour to play on Wednesday evening, March 29, at Buckingham Palace, before the Empress Frederick, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and Princess May. Messrs. Erard placed Mons. Paderewski's famous thousand guinea piano at her disposal for the occasion. Her programme consisted of a Study, Nocturne, and Scherzo of Chopin, a Minuet by Schubert, a Barcarolle by Rubinstein, two Sonatas by Scarlatti and Tausig, and a Gavotte by Gluck.

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IT need hardly be said that "Mdlle. Paganini," the new musical 'infant prodigy' (whose forthcoming first appearance has been heralded with a little music in the way of a flourish of trumpets), has simply adopted that name, as well as the prefix, as a compliment to the instrument upon which she performs. The infant violinist, who is eleven years of age, is British born, and is the daughter of a Jewish family of the name of Levy.

* * *

NEWS of the disbandment of the Dublin Harmonic Society will be received with regret. The society, which was started upwards of thirty years ago, has done excellent work in reviving some of the forgotten compositions of Palestrina, Astorga, Pergolesi, and other old masters, and the choir is said to have been an

excellent one. At the final meeting a testimonial was presented to Mr. Culwick, its conductor.

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THE son of the eminent tenor, Mr. Lloyd, who first studied the pianoforte under Madame Schumann, and afterwards appeared in the provinces as a vocalist, recently finished a professional visit to the United States, whither he went last spring. He returned to England the first week in April, and on the same vessel Messrs. Wolff and Hollman were passengers.

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MISS "HOPE TEMPLE," who made a flying visit to London for the purpose of giving her annual concert, has returned to Paris, where she has been studying music for some time past with M. Messager, the composer of "La Basoche." Her operetta, "The Wooden Spoon," which was given at the Lyric Theatre, is to be followed by a work of greater pretensions, for which—acting on the principle "if you want a thing well done, do it yourself"—Miss Temple will be her own librettist.

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MR. FREDERICK D'ERLANGER, the composer of "Jehan de Saindré," a new opera which Sir Augustus Harris has accepted for production during the season, is a son of the wealthy Jewish financier, Baron D'Erlanger, who is as well known in London as in Paris, which is the basis of the operations of his firm. His son has a passion for music, which he studies assiduously, under the direction of a German tutor, who is permanently attached to the baron's establishment. Baron D'Erlanger is himself a performer on the violin and takes part in the performances which are given from time to time at his home in Paris, when an orchestra of picked musicians is directed by his son.

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BEFORE he left Italy, Sir Arthur Sullivan fell in with the American sculptor, Mr. Julian Storey, who is the husband of the popular operatic singer well known by her maiden name of Eames. Pressed to write something in the lady's album, Sir Arthur contributed a few bars of music, addressed to one "famed for Song and Storey."

* * *

SIR ARTHUR has not, as has been erroneously reported, occupied himself with the music of the new comic opera which he has promised to write to a libretto of Mr. W. S. Gilbert for the Savoy during his stay in the south of Europe, the only holiday task he has undertaken being the composition of an inauguration ode for the opening of the Imperial Institute, on which occasion Sir Arthur Sullivan will conduct the orchestra.

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SIGNOR FILIPPO CAPOCCI, the celebrated organist of St. John Lateran, Rome, has recently arrived in London. His first appearance was at an organ recital upon the fine instrument at the Bow and Bromley Institute.

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NIKITA has been allowing the impertinent interviewer to pry a little into her love affairs. She was caught at her hotel in Paris, superintending the packing of trunk upon trunk of new costumes for her Chicago engagement of a hundred nights. "Are they not beautiful?" she said joyously, as she shook out one or two for inspection. "You see, I want them to be very beautiful, for it is eight years since I left America, with long hair and short clothes. It will be such fun to go back grown up in French

gowns. Oh, yes," she added, "it's quite true that I'm engaged to a Persian prince. I like him, but my mother and uncle do not favour the idea of my marrying a Persian, and so we wait. His name is Mirza Bizu Khan, and he is aide-de-camp to the Shah."

* * *

MR. CHARLES SALAMAN is one of the grand old men of music. He is apparently almost as good a musician as ever he was, although the years are gathering round him apace. To celebrate his last birthday, and show us that his faculties are keen and bright as ever, he composed a song breathing the spirit of youth, when love takes up all the foreground of life's picture, and to gain it or to lose means to live or to die. "The Voice of my Love" is a setting of charming words by his son, Malcolm C. Salaman. Although not quite so original and characteristic as the long famous "I arise from Dreams of Thee," this is a very attractive song, full of gracious phrases, free from commonplaces, and harmonised with the skill of a practised musician. I hope it is not the last production that we shall have from the pen of Mr. Charles Salaman.

* * *

ALTHOUGH the pianoforte recital season has this year commenced somewhat later than usual, a large number of concerts have already been arranged for May and June. Prominent among the new pianists will be Herr Moriz Rosenthal, an artist whose fame has already reached this country, and whose reputation in Germany stands very high. Herr Rosenthal is a Viennese, and is thirty-three years old, but although he was acknowledged by good judges as a pianist of more than ordinary technical facility, he did not come at all prominently into the public notice until he visited New York in 1887. In the United States, however, his ability was at once recognised, and he returned to his native land a pianist of celebrity. Since then, in Vienna and various parts of Germany, he has given numerous concerts, and has recently concluded a series of seven recitals at Berlin. He is said to be a marvellous executant, and a vigorous reply published a few months since in the *Musikalische Wochenblatt* to those famous critics, Professor Erlich, of Berlin, and Dr. Hanslick, of Vienna, who had denied his possession of intellectuality, proved that he was equally clever with the pen.

* * *

THE admirers of Wagner's music will enjoy a short series of representations under conditions somewhat modified from those of last year. For others the catering is ample, and the promised novelties will afford special gratification to such as have the un-English gift of musical curiosity. But through the whole of the season we may look for something analogous to the "ever-ringing avenues of song" once invoked by the late Laureate. True, the path of oratorio will soon be blocked, in accordance with the unwritten law which reserves it as more or less for a winter promenade. But there will be the avenue of orchestral music to wander in, the Philharmonic Society having yet five prospective concerts, and all the Richter concerts being still to come, to say nothing of the excellent performances given from time to time by the orchestral band of the Royal Artillery. I count these because, while not public in the ordinary sense, access to them is scarcely difficult.

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MUSICAL lectures, now increasingly popular, will be a feature of the season. The genial, humorous, and learned Gresham professor has some capital subjects in hand for dispensation to the crowds who "sit under" him in the City.

Dr. Mackenzie is down for a short series of lectures at the Royal Institution on Verdi's "Falstaff"—a most happily chosen subject—and Mr. E. W. Naylor, M.A., Mus. Bac., promises three discourses at Toynbee Hall on the "Music of the Future." I am prepared to congratulate Mr. Naylor very warmly should he find anything new to say on this long-debated question.

* * *

BEYOND the London season loom the provincial festivals, but with regard to them much information has already been given. I refer to the matter now for the sake of an official communication from the secretary of the Bristol Festival, who states that the programme, as finally settled, includes the following, to be performed in order of mention: "Samson," "Faust" (Berlioz), "Lobgesang," "Stabat Mater" (Rossini), "Paradise and the Peri" (Schumann), extracts from "Flying Dutchman" and other works by Wagner, "Messiah." The artists engaged are Mesdames Albani, Nordica, Palliser, Wilson, Landi, and Butts; Messrs. Lloyd, Ben Davies, Santley, Black, and Worlock. The guarantee fund has reached £4,000, and another thousand is hoped for. It says much for the success of these festivals and connected operations that the calls upon the guarantors over a period of twenty years have amounted to no more than an average of 8s. 10d. annually.

* * *

FOR some time Dr. Richter has made no secret of a desire to change. Last year he gave Mr. Bennett clearly to understand that he looked upon England as his future home, and that only considerations relating to the education of his children, which might suffer by interruption and altered circumstances, kept him from taking up residence amongst us. No doubt, the obstacle still exists, because the eminent conductor's sons are at the most important stage of their school life; but the chances are, I should say, that Dr. Richter will, ere long, add his name to the list of distinguished musicians who have made England their second country.

Musical Life in London.

—:o:—

THE Crystal Palace programme on March 25 included for the first time a Violoncello Concerto in D by Herr Julius Klengel, Op. 20, played by the composer. It is effectively written for the solo instrument, but intrinsically not very interesting. The symphony was Beethoven's in A, No. 7, which, of course, was splendidly played, and the scheme likewise contained Goldmark's overture "Sákuntalá," and a selection from "Die Meistersinger." The vocalist was Mdle. Landi, who made a very favourable impression in "Ah! mon fils," from "Le Prophète," and other airs by Pergolesi and Gounod. Wagner's work was placed last in the programme, and Mr. Manns administered a well-deserved rebuke to those who disturbed the audience by leaving the concert-room during the progress of the music. After one or two mute protests, he indeed stopped the performance of the beautiful introduction to the third act until the noisy ones had departed.

At the concert on April 1, Mr. Manns paid a tribute to the memory of the late Mr. Wingham by the inclusion in the programme of his Overture in F, to which the motto, "Youth on the Prow, and Pleasure at the Helm," is prefixed. This is a delightful work, and a typical

example of Mr. Wingham's graceful talent. Mr. Leonard Borwick, the pianist of the afternoon, gave an admirable rendering of Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto, and of a group of solos. Mrs. Hutchinson sang a charming old Welsh song, besides giving a dramatic interpretation of Gluck's beautiful air, "Divinités du Styx." The programme also included Mr. Edward German's "Marche Solennelle," from "Henry VIII.," a delightful Egyptian dance from Bizet's "Djamileh," Mozart's Symphony in E flat, and Cherubini's Overture in G, which was composed in 1815 for the Philharmonic Society.

Mr. Manns wisely reconstructed the scheme drawn up for the Crystal Palace concert on April 8. The new "Peer Gynt" suite, which comprises several of the numbers written by Grieg for the first presentation of Ibsen's drama, commenced instead of concluding the concert; and Chopin's Concerto in F, played by Miss Fanny Davies, came second in the programme; she afterwards performed some smaller pieces, including Liszt's "Dance of Gnomes." Mr. Braxton Smith sang airs by Donizetti and Buononcini, and the symphony was Raff's "Im Walde," which, although not so frequently heard as the "Lenore," is, despite its length, one of the best of the eleven symphonies which this too prolific composer gave to the world. Grieg's new suite is not likely to equal the old in popularity. Of the four movements, the audience seemed to prefer the second, a striking Arabian dance, and the fourth, an arrangement of the well-known Solveig's song. This, by the way, was stated in the programme to be the "Lullaby" from the last act of "Peer Gynt." Of course it is nothing of the kind. It constitutes one of the most exquisite scenes in the whole play. In the midst of Peer Gynt's marvellous adventures in Arabia and Egypt, we are suddenly transported to the far North, where, on the threshold of a cottage in the pine woods, Solveig sits spinning in the sunshine, and sings to herself of her absent lover.

Berlioz's "Faust" was given at the concert on April 15, before a very large audience. The cast, which included Miss MacIntyre, as Margaret; Mr. Ben Davies, as Faust; Mr. Grice, as Brander; and Mr. Henschel, as Mephistopheles, was a thoroughly competent, and for the most part a familiar one; while, although, of course, the Sydenham choir could not hope to rival the Royal Choral Society, in whose repertory "Faust" has for some time past been one of the favourite items, they did their share of the work remarkably well. It is, however, in the orchestra that the strength of the Crystal Palace chiefly lies, and a better performance of Berlioz's music than that given by Mr. Manns' band could certainly not be desired. Demands were made for a repetition of the famous march, and of the Ballet of Sylphs, but in each case they were refused by Mr. Manns, in accordance with the sound rule that in an elaborate composition of this character it is inartistic to disturb the continuity of the music.

The final Crystal Palace concert took place on April 22, when the selection from Mr. Henschel's "Hamlet" music was played; and on the following Saturday Mr. Manns took his annual benefit, Mdle. Frida Scotta, a new violinist, then making her début.

The second Philharmonic Concert of the season was given on March 23, at St. James's Hall. Mr. Arthur Somervell, whose orchestral ballad, "Helen of Kirkconnel," was performed for the first time, has already won some recognition as a composer of songs and pianoforte pieces. The ballad is full of touches in which musicianly taste is allied to poetic feeling. Mr.

Frederic Cliffe's Leeds Symphony in E minor was also heard for the first time in Central London at this concert, and was very finely rendered under the composer's direction. A fine performance was given of Brahms' Violin Concerto by Fräulein Wietrowetz, and it only remains to be recorded that Mr. Norman Salmond, the vocalist, was artistic alike in Handel's "Sorge infausta," and Mozart's "Non più andrai."

No novelties of any sort were attempted at the third Philharmonic Concert on April 20. The announced programme was, however, altered; the selection from Mr. Edward German's "Henry VIII." music was transferred from the beginning to the very end of the concert. The work, however, made its mark, and the young composer was recalled. Miss Palliser also was indisposed, and was replaced by Miss Brema, this change necessitating a reconstruction of the vocal portion of the programme; while the ballet music from M. Gounod's "Polyeucte," which had been selected to play the people out, was not performed at all. On the other hand, the scheme was strengthened by the addition of Beethoven's "Leonora No. 3" overture, and the remaining two items of the original programme were duly given, Dr. Mackenzie securing an excellent rendering for Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony, and M. Sapellnikoff playing Chopin's E minor Concerto, with, for an encore piece, Mendelssohn's Caprice in the same key.

At Madame Frickenhaus' matinée at St. James's Hall on April 19, interest centred in the two new works: a Sonata for violin and piano, by César Franck, and a Polonaise for two pianos by M. Saint Saëns. César Franck, who died three years ago in Paris, was one of those unassuming characters whose real merit is only known to the world after their death. His influence was widely felt among the younger school of French composers, and since his death, the cult of "le père Franck" has become almost a fashion. A strong sense of artistic form combined with a science which it would be hard to surpass—these are some of the features which distinguish Franck's music in an especial manner. All these qualities were noticeable in the beautiful Sonata played by Madame Frickenhaus and M. Ortman. M. Saint Saëns in his Polonaise has obtained superb orchestral sonorities from the dexterous combination of two pianos, and imparted to his Polonaise something of the grandiose character that we associate with Chopin's great A flat Polonaise.

Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," performed by the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall April 19, attracted a very large audience. The cast included Mesdames Clara Samuëll and Belle Cole, Messrs. Ben Davies and Watkin Mills, the tenor, who was in excellent voice, winning his greatest success in the favourite air, "Be thou faithful unto death," in which Mr. C. Ould played the violoncello obbligato. Once more did this body of singers display itself to full advantage. No better examples of choral singing could have been furnished than, on the one hand, the massive tones in which "Sleepers, Wake!" was attacked, and, on the other, the exquisite balance of the pianissimo at the close of "Happy and Blest are They."

The first of Miss Dora Bright's three "Musical Evenings" on April 12 attracted a fair audience. The programme began with Mozart's Pianoforte Quartet in G minor, and it closed with Dvorák's Quartet in D, Op. 23, but a very good performance was in the course of the evening also given by Miss Bright and Mr. Hess, of Brahms' Duet Sonata in G, Op. 78; and the clever young pianist herself played Beethoven's 32 variations in C minor. An agreeable feature in the concert was

the successful *début* of a new vocalist, Fräulein Atalja van Niessen, who showed herself the owner of a fine contralto voice approaching to a mezzo-soprano quality in the upper register.

M. Sauret's violin recital on April 15 was a boon to his audience, for opportunities of hearing him are somewhat rare. The most taking of the concert-giver's solos were his own well-written pieces. Miss Muriel Elliott, a young pianist, played three transcriptions by Liszt with considerable refinement and charm, though her tone is at present rather thin, and she wants individuality. Miss Dews sang familiar songs by Hatton and Gounod. Coming to Mr. Sauret, let the warmest praise be given to, as it was deserved by, his splendid execution of Vieuxtemps' Concerto. The work bristles with difficulties of the most formidable kind, and is a test of "virtuosity" which the most exacting would not desire to make more severe. It was, however, fairly conquered, and the feat drew down a storm of applause.

In aid of the poorer sufferers by the recent disastrous landslips at Sandgate, a concert was given in St. James's Hall on April 20. An attack of illness prevented the appearance of Madame Giulia Valda, the organiser of the day's proceedings, but although that artist was of necessity not seen upon the platform, those who had promised assistance came forward in goodly numbers, and contributed many acceptable items to a lengthy entertainment. Suffice it to say that of those whose services were especially welcome Mr. Ben Davies bore off the palm; while hearty tokens of appreciation were accorded likewise to the efforts of Madame Enriquez, Mr. John Thomas, Mr. L. Emil Bach, Mr. Joseph O'Mara, Mr. Tito Mattei, and not a few others.

The Father of English Organists.

MAY 7 is a great day at the Temple Church. It is Dr. Hopkins' jubilee day. On the first Sunday in May, also the seventh of the month, fifty years since, Dr. Hopkins sat down at the organ—a very different one to the magnificent instrument of to-day—to play his probationary service. Six months later he was made "organist to the Honourable Societies of the Temple." This post he has held through stormy and shining weather to the present; and though now seventy-five, looks as if he would hold it for many years to come. We are told that London is not a healthy place to live in, that Londoners drop off early, and so on. Dr. Hopkins is a living witness to the contrary. Born in Westminster, in 1818, he has lived in London all his life, and is as healthy as the average provincial of forty, and infinitely more energetic and cheerful. He began his musical career at the age of eight, as one of the "children" of the Chapel Royal, St. James's. There he stayed under Wm. Hawes until his voice broke in the autumn of 1833. At that time, "old" Walmisley (father of the late Cambridge professor) was organist of St. Martin-in-the-fields. [The fields are long since gone, and the church now overlooks Trafalgar Square.] Young Hopkins placed himself under old Walmisley, and we are thus enabled to construct an interesting genealogical table. Walmisley was a pupil of Attwood: so we get:

Mozart.

Attwood, pupil of Mozart.

Walmisley, pupil of Attwood.

Hopkins, pupil of Walmisley.

and, musically speaking, it would appear that Mozart is Dr. Hopkins' great-grandfather. But whereas Attwood's sole distinction is that he was Mozart's pupil, and Walmisley has no distinction at all, Dr. Hopkins has earned for himself a position in musical history quite independent of relationship, blood or other. At the age of sixteen he was appointed organist of Mitcham Church, Surrey, and four years later he went to St. Peter's, Islington. He then rendered himself objectionable to the rest of the profession by carrying off regularly for some years all the prizes that were offered for various kinds of composition. But the objection was professional only, never personal; for Dr. Hopkins' charming manner and kindness of heart have endeared him to all who know him. As already stated, in 1843 he went to the Temple Church. Since then he has for half a century led a busy and peaceful life of teaching, playing, occasional lecturing, writing and composition, and the editing and arranging of many books of church music.

Dr. Hopkins may well be named "the Father" of our organ-players. His professional career began in the dark ages of England's musical history, in the days when Clarke Whitfield's colourless manufactures were still deemed worthy of production at our great festivals. He lived through the period extending from 1840 to the failure of Dvorák's "St. Ludmila," during which a musician was at once hailed great, provided he spoke broken English, wore his hair long, and was generally untidy and dirty. Finally, he is still young in the present hopeful days, when we have cast away the foreign yoke and English music is beginning to quicken. Such a man, it seemed, must be charged with interesting "impressions," and as Dr. Hopkins at once courteously acceded to our request to "interview" him, we are enabled to give our readers a few of these.

Interview with Dr. Hopkins.

DR. HOPKINS had been kept to his bed for some time by severe colds, but when he was a little better and could come downstairs, I had the honour to be the first allowed to see him. After the usual preliminaries we fell to business. I warn readers, however, that in this narrative they miss the essential charm of Dr. Hopkins's talk, the combined seriousness, playfulness, humour, and kindness, and the wonderful vivacity. These I cannot reproduce. I wanted Dr. Hopkins to give some idea of the musical London of his youth.

"Well," he slowly responded, "there is one difference between that day and this which strikes me at once: the estimation in which musical degrees were and are held. In my early days no one thought of taking them. Attwood, Turle, Goss, 'Sam' Wesley, Thomas Adams, and Henry Smart, none of them took degrees at all. In fact, they looked down upon them. The only three musical doctors of that day whom I remember were looked upon as muffs: Dr. Jay, Dr. Essex, and Dr. Carnaby: they are

completely forgotten. Probably you never heard their names?"

"Never!" I said.

"No. A doctor was regarded as a man who simply worked out counterpoint and fugue, and he was dreaded by the amateur. I remember hearing an anecdote in Westminster Abbey organ-loft. Three young ladies begged their father to get them a teacher for the piano. Father dined somewhere, and found himself seated next Mr. Someone, Doctor of Music. Finding him intelligent, he engaged him to teach the young ladies, and went home well pleased. When the ladies heard what he had done they were anything but pleased. 'Why, papa,' they said, 'he'll give us nothing but *dry music*!'"

"How was it, then, Dr. Hopkins," I asked, "that you took a degree yourself?"

"I am glad you have touched upon that subject, as the circumstances under which I received my degree were of so gratifying a nature that I am only too pleased to have any opportunity of recounting them.

"One Saturday afternoon, when the choir-practice at the Temple was drawing to a close, Dean Vaughan entered, and speaking up to me from the body of the church, said he wished me to spare him a few minutes on the termination of the rehearsal if I could do so. I soon descended and quickly joined him, when he said, 'In response to a petition I presented to the Archbishop of Canterbury, he has granted you the degree of Doctor in Music, and the two hon. societies have paid all the necessary fees. What I want to see you for now, therefore, is simply to inquire whether it will be agreeable to you to accept the diploma.' Full of astonishment I replied, 'My dear master, I am quite taken by surprise, for this is the first I have heard of this matter.' With a smile he said, 'That is exactly what I hoped might be the case,' and then he added, 'I have now a little request of a personal nature to make, which is, that you will accept from me the present of your gown and hood, and that you will wear the latter.' The handsome present, of course, I received gratefully; and the hood I have worn in church every Sunday since. It would be difficult to say how a series of grateful acts could have been carried out better.

"You are doubtless aware that as a rule no musical examination is required for a Canterbury degree. But my case was a somewhat unusual one. I had in the course of years written a fair amount of church music—services, anthems, hymn tunes, etc.—much of which had been frequently performed in Canterbury Cathedral, under the able direction of my old friend, Dr. Longhurst. These might therefore very well have been accepted by the Archbishop as so many 'numbers' extracted from a larger exercise, except that excerpts for academical exercises do not often find their way into general use. At any rate, my church music greatly facilitated my receiving the diploma from his Grace."

"We heard a good deal about your connection with a certain university abroad which granted degrees in England: can you tell us the true facts of the case?"

"My association with the Toronto examinations in this country was of a very simple and straightforward character; and the cause of my subsequent retirement was especially clear. An old friend of thirty years' standing invited me to become one of the examiners; and as the terms and conditions proposed were satisfactory, I consented to act. A few hours for preparing the tests, some time devoted to the exercises, and three days to the examination constituted the entire duties required in any one year; after the completion of which there was nothing further

to be done for nearly a twelvemonth. After four or five years I was invited to undertake certain duties in connection with Trinity College, London, which demanded all the time and attention I could possibly devote to them; in consequence of which I had of necessity to relinquish some other appointments, among others, that of one of the examiners for Toronto. In answer to a letter as to my retirement, written to the gentleman who originally invited me to join, I received a reply containing the very sensible observation that every man was quite justified in accepting that which he considered the most conducive to his own good; and thus the arrangement was annulled without any disturbance of our former friendship."

In answer to other questions, Dr. Hopkins gave me the following account of organs and organ-music in his early days:

"You inquire what was the 'system' adopted in teaching or studying the organ in my early days. It is necessary to go back many years before then in order to properly introduce the subject. No organ pedals of any kind were known in this country until the end of the last century, and their proposed introduction was received with an amount of prejudice and ignorance that was quite amusing. I remember my old friend, the late Dr. Rimbault, many years ago, showing me a letter his father (organist of St. Giles' in the Fields) had received from a prominent organist at the commencement of the present century, in reply to one he had sent calling his friend's attention to the fact that some organists were beginning to advocate the attachment of pedals to the lower keys of organs, and inquiring whether his friend really thought them necessary. The laconic reply was, 'If a man cannot do all that is required with his hands, but must needs bring his feet to his rescue, depend upon it he's not much of an organist!' The first pedals were toe-pedals, formed like short pieces of lath, projecting from the bottom of the organ. These were developed into an octave of 'German pedals,' as the long pedals were called for many years. Ultimately the pedals were extended from G up to C, making them an octave and a half in compass. The swell underwent great development at the hands of Samuel Green, whose enthusiasm for his art always kept him a poor man, but after his time it again frequently became shrunken in compass, occasionally even to 'fiddle G,' leaving a difference of two octaves between its own range and that of the great and choir. Thomas Adams actually and ingeniously wrote his *Overture in C* for an organ of that kind. You will readily perceive, therefore, that for a long time the organ would neither be taught nor played according to any fixed or well-digested system. When I used to be invited to give an organ recital, which was frequently the case, the question was not, *What shall I play?* but *What can I play?* Before drawing out a programme it was necessary first to ascertain whether the swell of the organ to be exhibited descended to tenor F, tenor C, gamut C, or FF, also how high the pedals ascended, and *then* proceed to make a selection.

"The two publications which perhaps afford the clearest indication of the manner in which the GG organ was played fifty years ago, are Whitaker's '*Pedal Exercises*,' and S. S. Wesley's '*Psalm Tunes*, adapted expressly for the English organ with pedals.' The former is a sort of school for the organ, and exhibits the fatal defect of the left hand having to dance attendance on the top part instead of being left free to play the tenor part unfettered. Wesley's arrangements, on the contrary, contain frequent examples for the independent use of the left hand in the distribution of the harmonies, and that in

a manner not only very effective, but, at the period at which they were written, quite novel; and they are a key to the reason why Wesley—in the absence of an adequate pedal organ as a substitute—was always averse to the abandonment of the GG manual compass.

"It was while adapting movements for the organ from the orchestral scores of the works of the great masters that I became fully convinced that the CCC compass was the only correct one for the pedal-clavier, and I accordingly ever afterwards advocated it."

Singing in Board-Schools.

WE give our representative's narrative this month without comment.

May I call the attention of the Works Committee of the London School-Board to the fact that the door-bell of the school in Haselrigge Road is out of repair? I pulled some twenty times without result. Then I went round a street at the back of the school. The building was in full view, and the children could be heard singing, but there was no visible entrance. I tried more streets and got other views of the edifice and heard other classes singing, but it was full twenty minutes before I came near enough to grapple with the difficulty of getting through a thick door which was bolted. This (literally) got over, I went upstairs and asked for Mr. Ball, the head-master. He presently entered and at once acceded to my request that he would allow me to witness a few "sample" singing-lessons. "Come along, then," he said, taking me to a class-room and introducing me to Mr. Stuart, one of the music-masters.

"But," I said, "my impression was that every master taught his own class; is it not so here?"

"No," said Mr. Ball; "my notion is entirely different. I believe in finding the best music-teachers on my staff, and placing the musical education of the whole school in their hands. When I was appointed head-master here, three or four years ago, I found that Mr. Stuart and Mr. Gibbs were the most effective teachers. So I arranged for the latter to take entire charge of the three lower standards and the former the three upper. You will see the results presently."

As at Eltringham Street School there is a "special" choir of a number of the best voices, but here the girls' department is also drawn upon. It is a common belief, to which I have never conformed, that girls' and boys' voices do not "mix." This may be a fact in some distant part of the country, but I have never been there. So far as I have had opportunities for observation, they "mix" very well; the girls giving fulness and the boys brilliancy to the general result. So it was at Haselrigge Board-School. Mr. Stuart commenced by teaching his pupils to open their mouths. "Open them wide as possible," he began, "and you'll get *ah*; close a little and you'll get *a* (English pronunciation); close further and further and you'll get in succession *ee*, *oh*, *oo*." He then made them sing to these vowels, and gave them hints as to attaining purity and good quality. The class then sang scales in various ways: unison, thirds, and with

one part (there are three) stationary whilst the others move, and so on. The tone was singularly rich, as I have already indicated; and the various parts sung fairly well in tune and without any tendency to run after each other. Before proceeding to the next class I briefly discussed a few points with Mr. Stuart and Mr. Ball. Mr. Stuart, I may observe, possesses considerable general musical knowledge, and is organist at a church in the neighbourhood. I inquired as to the usefulness of the piano.

"The piano," Mr. Stuart replied, "I consider indispensable. It is convenient; an accompaniment can be played on it when desired; and it prevents the ears of pupils and teachers becoming dull. When children are learning new pieces they naturally sing out of tune, and it is bad to have no corrective to this." Said Mr. Ball: "I believe firmly in the piano. We have three in the establishment. This one here we bought ourselves out of the proceeds of various concerts; one the Board sent us; and another one we have just commenced to pay for."

"It is a great pity you don't teach the staff notation as well as the other," I went on; "then the children after leaving school, or before, could proceed to 'learning the piano.'"

"As a matter of fact fifty per cent. of the children here do learn the piano at home, and know the staff notation when they come; and I am hoping to find time to teach it to them all during the next year," answered Mr. Stuart.

"What, the piano?"

"When pianos were sent here by the Board," remarked Mr. Ball, "we had large numbers of inquiries as to terms for lessons: people had got that notion of the purpose for which they were meant."

"A very good notion," I said, "and it's a pity it can't be done."

"You cannot teach the piano in classes," said Mr. Stuart.

"You cannot teach it—properly—in any other way," I returned; and for some minutes more held forth eloquently on the necessity of reform in this department of education. We then proceeded to Standard III., which, under Mr. Gibbs, went through the same lesson as the select choir. Naturally the tone was not quite so good: indeed, I suspect that some of the boys had no voices at all. But the part-singing in three parts was excellent, the leads being taken up firmly, and the lower parts sticking well to their own notes and allowing the rest to do as they pleased. I was just going when Mr. Gibbs asked if I would care to hear Standard I. sing in three parts. "What age are the youngsters?" I asked. "They average about eight years." "Then I'll go!" I promptly said; and we went. And these mere morsels of humanity sang their little part-songs most charmingly! The baby voices—many of the boys are considerably under eight—*do-re-mi-ing* about underneath the melody had a curious effect. On the whole it was the prettiest exhibition of the afternoon. As we came downstairs I asked Mr. Ball how he managed it.

"I leave it entirely to Mr. Gibbs, as I've told you," he said. "I didn't know they did three parts until just now. When Mr. Gibbs told me at Christmas they could sing in *two* parts I was greatly surprised." So after thanking Mr. Ball for his courtesy I came away. I may say that Haselrigge Road School stands second only to Fleet Road School in singing, and intends to try to top the list at the next annual competition.



Harpichords and Clavichords.

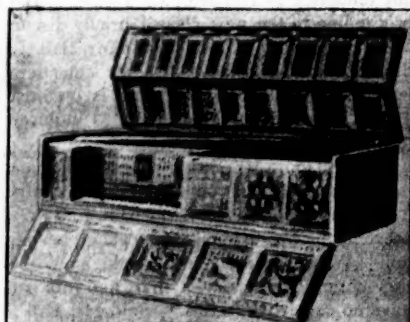


FIG. 1.

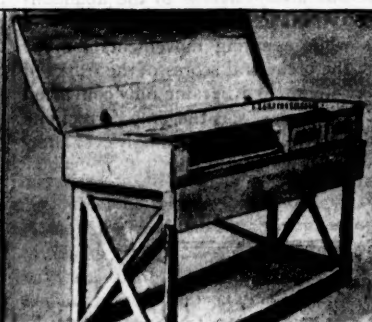


FIG. 2.

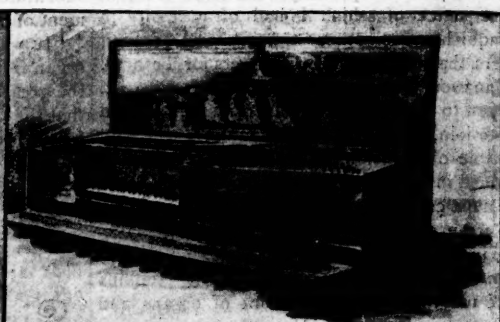


FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.



FIG. 5.



FIG. 6.

HOW many readers of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC have any clear notion of the differences between the spinet, virginals, harpsichord, clavier, and clavichord? Very few, I am afraid. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries virginals were called spinets (or espinettes), spinets were called harpsichords, harpsichords clavichords, and so on. They look much the same, and nowadays we roughly class them together as harpsichords and think no more of the matter; and if anyone suggests we are not accurate we say we have no mind to be pedantic. I certainly have no mind to be pedantic, and but for one circumstance would say, Call them what you like—spinets or spinning-wheels, pianos or pen-wipers. The circumstance is that we sometimes have occasion to play some of the old music on the modern piano. Usually we set it down and “blaze away,” treating the music of Handel and Scarlatti, written for the harpsichord, and that of Bach, written for the clavichord, in precisely the same fashion. Now, Bach's instrument differed from Handel's as a violin from a guitar; and as a guitar is useless if you want to play a Bach violin-sonata, so is a harpsichord if you want to render a Bach clavichord suite. We cannot translate the old music—the music of Scarlatti and Purcell, and Handel and Bach—into the language of the modern grand pianoforte unless we know the composer's intention and meaning, and we cannot know these unless we understand the nature and essential characteristics of the instruments written for.

THE THREE TYPES.

In the beginning were the Monochord, the Psalter, and the Dulcimer, these three. The Monochord was, as its name implies, a one-stringed instrument. A musical instrument, in the sense of a machine for making music, it was not. It was used principally or entirely in churches, to determine more or less accurately the note on which the various intonations had

to commence, and to teach the uninitiated how to “take” unknown intervals. The bridge, of course, was movable. Its peculiar characteristic was that the various notes were “made” by the player (if I may so call him), who shifted the bridge, and then by some means set the string in vibration. From the monochord, it would seem, was derived the clavichord family, of which the characteristic is, *the making of the note by the player.*

The Psalter was in reality a species of harp. It had a number of strings, which were sounded by plucking, either with the fingers or pieces of wire. From it was derived the harpsichord family (including spinet and virginals), of which the characteristic is, *one string (or more) to every note, and the sounding of the strings by plucking.*

The Dulcimer is well known at the present day. At the various exhibitions held in London a few years ago a certain portion of the music was provided by Hungarian bands, which in nearly every case included a dulcimer and dulcimerist, or dulcimerist. Besides, the instrument is frequently to be heard in the streets, though not so popular as barrel-machines. It has usually several strings to each note, and the sound is got by striking them with small hammers. It is therefore the parent of the modern piano, the characteristic of which is, *one string (or more) to every note, and the sounding of the strings by striking.*

PEDIGREE.		
The string plucked.	The string struck.	Movable bridge.
Psaltery.	Dulcimer.	Monochord.
Virginals.	Piano.	Clavichord.
Spinet.		
Harpsichord.		

Of course only the harpsichord and clavichord families will be dealt with here.

The Harpsichord Family.

THE GENERAL MECHANISM.

THE principle of the harpsichord “action” is this: When the key is pressed down, the string is plucked by a leather or quill plectrum set on a “jack,” and a “scrape with a sound at the end of it” is thus produced. The “jack” then falls back into a position of readiness for a repetition of the deed. This is the plan followed in the virginals, spinet, and harpsichord. It is evident that no expression, no soft or loud, is possible. Therefore “jacks” of different material and form were introduced in the later instruments, but the principle remained the same. For all practical purposes each set of “jacks” in a harpsichord may be considered as a separate “action.”

THE VIRGINALS

was so called, I believe, because young maidens chiefly patronised it. When time hung heavily on the young maiden's hands, she whiled it away with tedious jigs, courantes, minuets, and gavottes; or later with the charmingly dull fugues of Doctors Bull and Blow, played on a “paire of virginales,” generally, I suspect, very much out of tune. Doubtless, to the maiden's ears the music was sweet; and it is not seemly that we of this later dusty time, this time of ten-foot concert-grands, of four-manual organs, of pianopounders and high C sopranos, should scorn her and her simple joys. I have never heard a “paire of virginales” played, but understand it was inferior in point of tone to the harpsichord, which made “a scrape with a sound at the end of it.” Yet surely the thinnest-toned and scratchiest virginals would sound sweeter at that day than the most improved grand piano does at this. The ways were less dusty then, the heat and glare of the day more bearable

FIG. 7.



FIG. 8.

the air fresher, the flower-scents more delightful, the evening dews cooler. The twin-furies, Hurry and Worry, were as yet unborn. Unharried of them, the virgin of the time found unalloyed delight in the tiresome old dance-tunes she played on her virginals. The time has passed; the virgin grew old and went into the darkness; Doctors Blow and Bull and the rest followed her; their bones are dust and the dust scattered—no man knows nor cares whither. Of the musical life of the time remain few indications: amongst the few some manuscripts and some pieces of wreckage which once were virginals.

For the edification of the (nineteenth) century and reader, I give an illustration of the instrument from which the fingers of Bess (Regina) wrung reluctant music. 'Tis a curious machine (Fig. 1). There is an outer case; the inner one is elaborately designed and painted. The sound-board has a hole, the imitation of the *f*'s of the violin. The strings are merely threads of metal, and, though there was little strain on them, cannot have stayed in tune more than a couple of hours at a time. (Since writing the previous paragraph, I have "played" on the instrument of which I give an illustration (Fig. 3). It is over three hundred years old, and has only half a dozen notes in order. But the tone, though altogether destitute of character, is not so thin and wiry as I had expected.)

THE SPINET.

Of all keyed stringed instruments the spinet is most beautiful in outward form. The virginals is a mere box bearing a general resemblance to a badly-made coffin. Gradually, as better ways were found of arranging the "action," as the sound-board and mode of stringing were improved, useless parts of the coffin were cut away—or rather, to be strictly correct, the new cases were made to a better pattern—and at last the perfect wing-shape was evolved. Of course complete beauty of form was not reached at a leap. Fig. 7 is an intermediate pattern made in 1568. It has no shape in particular, and but for its small size would match the modern grand in aggressive hideousness.

Fig. 9 shows the relative forms of the spinet and the modern piano.

The spinet is simply an improved virginals. Its form is less uncouth, the sound-board of better construction, the stringing more rational. It had rather more fulness and beauty of tone, but was entirely without capability of expression, and must have been intolerably monotonous. The famous makers of the day worked ceaselessly for improvement, and the harpsichord was the result of their labours. Indeed, between the later spinets and the early harpsichords no line can be drawn. The names were used indiscriminately even then. Handel's harpsichord is a spinet made by one of the Ruckers, a famous family of makers who flourished in Antwerp from the middle of the sixteenth to nearly the end of the seventeenth century. Their spinets were known for a remarkable "silvery sweetness" of tone, which must have long since evaporated, for they don't possess it now. Handel's harpsichord is by Andreas Ruckers, a son of Hans, the founder of the family. Fig. 8 is an early spinet.

THE HARPSICHORD.

There is not much to be said about the spinet, and I pass on at once to the harpsichord. As far as the ear is concerned the latter is an improvement on its predecessor. To the eye this is not the case. Perhaps the wing-shape is impracticable on a large scale. Anyhow, the spinet grew uglier as it grew bigger, and Handel's harpsichord is about as unlovely as its comparatively small proportions will permit. Still, in a machine for making sound, sound is the main thing; and in volume, quality and variety of tone the later instrument as far surpasses the spinet as the spinet did the virginal. There is greater length of string. The sound-board is of improved construction. Moreover, there are many and curious devices for amending the main defect in instruments of the plectrum type, namely, lack of variety. The larger and more expensive harpsichords have two keyboards, each representing what is practically a separate instrument; and by stops

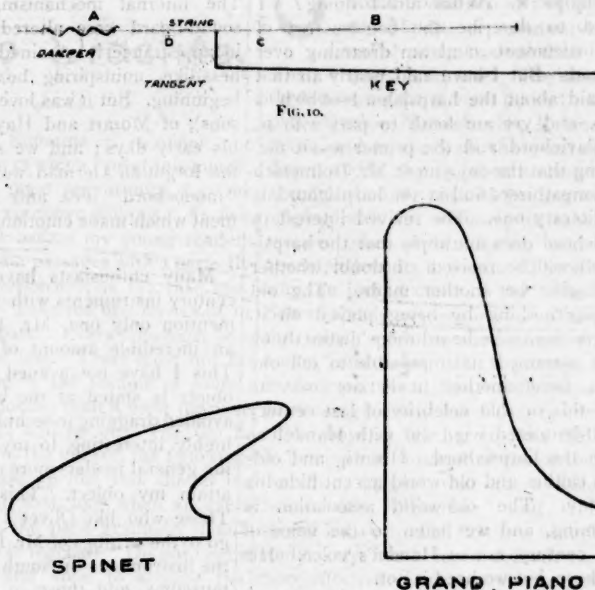


FIG. 9.

different sets of strings or plectrums could be brought into use. Again, complete and independent pedal instruments were frequently made; of these Bach had one, and wrote for it the six sonatas which are now generally played on the organ. Beyond this there is not much more to say about the harpsichord. While the details were altered the principle remained the same, and at best the harpsichord remained a feeble, scraping, scratchy instrument until the end of the chapter—until the piano swept it away. Just now there is a revival of interest in it. Enthusiasts are giving concerts of the "old music" at Barnard's Inn and elsewhere; musical critics are publicly performing on notable old instruments, and afterwards praising their feats in the papers they write for. But this appreciation of the harpsichord is (if I may say so) purely literary: the harpsichord is merely a word to call up associations of the old world. A Handel suite played on a harpsichord brings into the room an odour of the forgotten eighteenth century: a flavour delicate, yet somewhat musty withal, reminding one of old court ceremonies and stately minuets and huge periwigs and all-night gambblings and ten bottles at a sitting. I can enjoy that as well as anyone. To take readers into my confidence, after my customary fourth cup of strong tea late in the afternoon, I like to place Handel on the music-desk, my foot on the soft pedal, and leisurely saunter through a few pages of the suites of little fugues, playing as softly as possible, and making my piano twang on every note. It is then possible to forget for a little while that one lives amidst the roar of the wheels of restless London; for a few minutes come back the days that were, before Leisure was murdered—cruelly murdered: the days of commons undefiled of the coster, unstolen of the jerry-builder. Time didn't run on then; he strolled easily, now and then resting on his scythe while he mopped his brows. He watched, perchance, the stage-coach roll off to Dublin, bearing the famous Mr. Handel, going to produce his new piece, "The Messiah." A post-chaise flies past, at the tremendous pace

of ten miles an hour: inside are two passengers we know—Dr. Johnson, and the ever-faithful Bozzy. Both enjoy the journey, and both for the same reason, namely, that Dr. Johnson enjoys it. (What am I doing? I commenced to describe the construction of these old instruments, and am dreaming over them instead. But I have said nearly all that is to be said about the harpsichord—which is not much—and yet am loath to part with it. But the clavichord and the printer await me! I was saying that the enjoyment Mr. Dolmetsch and his sympathizers find in the harpsichord is purely a literary one. The revived interest in the harpsichord does not imply that the harpsichord itself will be revived. I doubt whether there will ever be another made. The old music gains nothing by being played on it. Handel's voice can be heard more distinctly on a modern piano. It is impossible to tell one Chinaman from another; it is not easy to recognise this or that celebrity of last century in his full-bottomed wig. So with Handel as played on the harpsichord. His wig and old-fashioned clothes and old-world accent hide his individuality. The old-world association is overwhelming, and we listen to the voice of the dead century, not to Handel's voice. His voice is there, but we heed it not.

Figs. 4 and 5 are old harpsichords.

The Clavichord Family.

THE associations that cling to the virginals, the spinet, the harpsichord, do not, so far as I am concerned, at least, cling to the clavichord. The name is against it, its appearance still more so. The awful square piano disappeared too recently for us to love an instrument in any degree resembling it. Moreover, not one person in a thousand knows that it was an instrument having a character of its own, one quite distinct from that of the harpsichord. When we come to think of it, the musician at least should love the clavichord. It was the first keyed string-instrument that could be played expressively. In brilliancy far surpassed by the popular harpsichord, for rendering emotional music it was without a rival. On a very small scale (its *forte* was our *piano*, its *piano* our—something we haven't a word to express) it was capable of great variety of tone-volume. We give a diagram of its mechanism. When the key is pressed down the brass tangent strikes and presses against the string, thus dividing it into two vibrating portions, A and B. The A part, however, is immediately damped down by cloth dampers, leaving B free to sound. The tangent is, therefore, both the sound-exciter and the bridge. It is a characteristic of our ancestors that they took great pains to avoid a little trouble. They so arranged matters that one string served for several notes. If the above diagram represents the note F, it is evident that another tangent striking at C will give a higher note, say F sharp, whilst yet another striking at D may produce the note E. It is evident also that with this arrangement many of our modern discords are impossible. For instance, what would happen (in the case I am supposing) if E and F sharp were put down together I don't know; but I should imagine that the result would be F (that being the shortest length of string) or a breakage. Of course, with a tangent held at C, any note requiring a greater length of string would be out of the question. This seems to have slowly dawned upon the inventive seventeenth-century mind, and by the time Sebastian Bach wrote the "immortal Forty-eight" there was a string

for every note. There need be nothing more said about the clavichord. An illustration is given (Fig. 6). There are not the varieties of clavichord that there are of the harpsichord. The internal mechanism, the stringing, the sound-board were altered and improved, but in appearance it remained to the end the business-like, uninspiring box that it was at the beginning. But it was loved of Bach (father and sons), of Mozart and Haydn, of Beethoven in his early days; and we should be grateful to the forgotten German worthy who applied the "monochord" idea and produced the instrument which made emotional music a possibility.

Many enthusiasts have studied these last-century instruments with great ardour; and to mention only one, Mr. Hipkins has amassed an incredible amount of knowledge of them. This I have not availed myself of here. My object is stated at the beginning, and I have avoided dragging in technicalities (which, though highly interesting to myself, would only bore the general reader) more than those necessary to attain my object. This is merely a sketch. Those who, like Oliver Twist, want more must go to the writings of Mr. Hipkins, and also study the instruments in South Kensington and other museums, and those in private but accessible collections.

How I Interviewed Handel and Bach.

IT is commonly supposed that Bach and Handel never met. This is an error. In spite of the usual musical-dictionary business about Bach, the humble capellmeister, twice going out of his way to see his world-famous contemporary, and missing him, I have it on the best possible evidence—that of my own eyesight and hearing—that the two became perfectly well acquainted.

It happened thus. I went to Messrs. Broadwood's with our artist, who was sketching some old harpsichords, spinets, and pianos. Mr. Rose took an immense amount of trouble over the business, and I am glad to have an opportunity now of thanking him. The firm had nothing in the way of advertisement to gain from us, but if I had taken in an order for two hundred concert-grands Mr. Rose could not have shown himself more willing to assist in making this, our "harpsichord number," a success. While our artist sketched a harpsichord I played it, and the twanging of that instrument took me right back to the 18th century. Then Mr. Rose showed me the original premises of Messrs. Broadwood, and the place where the founder of the firm, old Tschudi, father-in-law of John Broadwood, made his first harpsichords. There I saw ancient virginals and spinets, and played on a Hitchcock instrument (time of Queen Anne), on which Haydn, perhaps Handel, and certainly many another celebrity played: it stands in the room where it is known Handel often sat, and where Haydn wrote a quartet and corrected some "Creation" proofs. I became charged with the old-world feeling; and though I was soon compelled to leave for business reasons (perhaps it was a good thing for my morals—I was already scheming to carry off that double-harpsichord), few will be surprised

to hear that after going to bed as usual I rose again in the middle of the night, and, taking with me a volume each of Bach's and Handel's suites, set off to repeat my afternoon visit. Mr. Rose didn't seem surprised to see me at that unusual hour—nor, by the way, was I surprised to see him. We shook hands; and, taking me upstairs, he left me playing Handel's D minor suite on the coveted harpsichord. I had played the prelude and was strumming away gaily enough at the fugue when I heard a door slam: it seemed to be on the other side of the street. That didn't interest me; but presently I heard muttered imprecations as a heavy step thumped on every stair, and in a moment a man dashed into the room, his eyes flashing fire, his full-bottomed wig bobbing, and his whole body—which was attired in last century garb—quivering with rage. I knew that face at once, and, rising from my seat at the harpsichord, held out my hand, saying: "Herr Handel, how are you? fine weather, isn't it? I hope I see you well!"

Handel didn't take my hand, he didn't answer my salute. He stared at me in sincere astonishment. His anger melted away. Presently he said, "Der Teufel! who are you?"

I handed him my card. He couldn't, it seemed, understand it, and going to the nearest stair-head called, "Tschudi! Tschudi, come here!" but, getting no answer, came back grumbling. "Always out when I want him. Damn!" This honest English "swear" brought me to myself.

"If it is old Tschudi you want," I remarked, "he's been dead this hundred years and more!"

"Dead? dead? I saw him this morning!" answered Handel.

"Excuse me," I said sarcastically. "What year is this?"

For answer Handel pointed to the mantel-shelf, and to my surprise—not unmixed with alarm—I saw a calendar there, and printed on it, "1745." "Good gracious!" I said; "I must be off," and taking up my hat I fled. But on getting to the door I found all was changed. The street was narrow, the houses on the other side low and of irregular height, with projecting upper stories. I wandered about some time, seeking Oxford Street, but was compelled to give up the game and went back to Broadwood's. Handel was now in high good-humour. He saw there was something wrong, that I was troubled about something, and seemed determined to make me comfortable. In a little while we got on splendidly; he answered any number of questions, told me tales of his boyhood, of his adventures in Italy, of his friendship for Scarlatti and what he owed to the father of that composer; and finally he played for me. I had always considered the harpsichord an expressionless instrument; but under Handel's fingers it seemed to speak, or rather every note sung like the human voice. He ran through the prelude and played the fugue of the D minor suite, so that not even Paderewski will please me again. I had always thought Bach's music the most expressive, but the Allemande of that suite, played by Handel, convinced me—for the time—of the contrary. When he had finished the air with variations I swore that he was the greatest composer and player of the centuries. I could understand why my bungling so enraged him. When I tried to express my admiration—"Pooh, pooh!" he said. "What have we here, Bach? Bach?—which Bach?" as he fingered the volume of the Bach suites.

It is not true to say I was surprised at what followed—I was past any feeling of that sort: the marvellous had become mere commonplace.

Another footstep was heard and an old man,

whose face I knew well, walked across the room, and, putting his arms round Handel's neck, embraced and kissed him. Handel, too, was not surprised, or at least he was too much of the fine gentleman to show it. Gently disengaging himself, he said: "Very many thanks, sir. Why do you specially favour me?"

"I am Johann Sebastian Bach," replied the other simply. "I have long desired to meet my great brother and hear him play, and the wish has grown stronger with the years. I have crossed the seas to speak with you once ere I grow too old."

Handel was touched as he might have been with the faithfulness of a dog—not more. He was used to the deference of "the great," and accepted the admiration of the unknown organist as a matter of course. I knew better.

"Mr. Handel," I said, "if you hear this man play you will value him more highly."

Handel accordingly requested Bach to play, but the latter refused until "his great brother" had obliged. Handel accordingly sat down again—he had risen when Bach entered—and asking Bach for a theme, which he at once got, started away on an improvisation. If I admired before, what word shall describe my next state of feeling? Handel played like a god and with a god's assurance, and I was lifted out of myself.

"Twas indeed a noble performance," said Bach, when Handel at last finished; and, sitting at the harpsichord, he preluded a little before asking for a theme. Handel gave him the subject of "He trusted in God"—not a promising one, I imagined—and Bach commenced. Announcing the theme slowly, he added parts until there were five going. He then added one counter-subject, and another. At first I was interested in the technique, the mastery of counterpoint and of the instrument, but as the music became more and more elaborate, it was the immense emotion expressed that held me. Still, I did not think the performance finer than Handel's, and was rather dissatisfied when he finished. He suddenly did so, and asked for a clavier. Handel silently led us to another room, and Bach recommenced. Ah! now I heard the true Bach. Every tone came forth alive. Up and down he led us, ranging over unheard-of emotional experiences. Handel shared my feeling, and when at last Bach finished, embraced the Leipzig cantor, saying, "Brother, thou art the greatest of us all." Bach modestly disclaimed the compliment; there was no slightest sign of vanity in that face, yet in the eyes I seemed to read the consciousness that he was the greatest. I long to remember the talk that followed. But it has passed from my memory, and seems irrecoverable as the conversations of Goethe and Schiller. Yet one or two things remain.

Handel said, "The difference between us is that I think, and translate my thought into music; you think in music." Again, speaking of his long struggle, "The devils! they ruined me in purse, in body, and well-nigh in mind; but now remain some few years, and I hope to compose the music." Bach answered, "My life's work is done; whatever it may be worth, I can do no better." Handel stared in astonishment at the man who was so self-satisfied; Bach stood as unself-conscious and as majestic as a spent volcano.

At length it was arranged that they should meet again on the morrow at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, to play the organ. I also had permission to be present. Alas! that morrow never came. Handel entered his house, No. 9, Great Pulteney Street; Bach rolled away into the darkness. I went home, and when I woke next morning, could not make up my

mind that it was entirely wrong to play harpsichords, eat an indigestible supper, and read Morris's "News from Nowhere" before going to bed.

How to Practise.

KUHLAU'S Sonatina in A minor, one movement of which I print this month, affords a good opportunity for the study of expressive playing. At first it looks easy, but I assure my young readers that to play these scale passages with a perfectly even *crescendo* or *diminuendo*, as the case may be, is very difficult. Take the first *crescendo*, in the fourth and fifth bars. Every note must be a little louder than the last. There must not be any sudden increase in the volume of sound. By so much as E is louder than A must the next A be louder than E, and so on. The top E must be the loudest of the lot, and the following B is *piano*. A passage like this should be played very slowly at first, and when an even *crescendo* is acquired, the pace gradually raised until the proper time is reached. Do not begin at the proper time and hope to acquire the *crescendo*; that is putting the cart before the horse. The only safe method of study is to learn to play the correct notes with the correct tone and touch before thinking of pace. Much more difficult than the *crescendo* is the *diminuendo* at bars 10 and 12, especially as the passages are so much more rapid. The same mode of study should be followed, with this difference, of course, that whereas in the *crescendo* each note is louder than the last, in the *diminuendo* each is a little softer. The *crescendo* just before the double-bar requires a great deal of patience; and it should not be forgotten that the bass, too, must follow the rule—each note a little louder than the last. Great attention, too, should be applied to the question of tone-quality. For instance, in the second part will be found a passage marked *delicato*, and the young player's aim should be to get a thin but beautiful tone. It can be done if the fingers are not lifted too high, and if the passage is played many times without letting the end in view slip from the mind. The "firm" chords before the double-bar and again near the end of the movement are by no means easy. They must be played with absolute "cleanness," bass and treble going down exactly together with a ringing tone, and both hands being taken off at the same moment. The last four bars are worth a good deal of trouble. Learning to play that bass passage *morendo*, that is, gradually dying away, will do more to cultivate the fingers and bring them under control of the brain than many hours' wearisome practice at stupid, dull, and useless finger exercises.

"The Arethusa."

THIS is a simple, broad sea-song, and should be sung simply and broadly. It should not be roared. The opening may be declamatory, but the interesting narrative, the references to the grog, and captains, and Frenchmen, and Pollies, and guns, etc., should be sung rather softly. Otherwise you may appear rather ridiculous, unless you dress for the part.

School-Songs.

ONE of the singing-masters at Haselrigge Road Board-School told the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC representative that they never sung in less than three parts. That, I think, is unwise. The number of good three-part songs is very limited; but for two-part choruses Mendelssohn, Rubinstein, Schumann, and, in short, all the great men may be drawn upon. Again, when a class of boys has accomplished the trick of reading at sight and singing with fair accuracy in tune, there still remain other difficulties to overcome, other accomplishments to attain. There is no reason why the picked choir of the Haselrigge Road School should not sing *staccato* passages, "carry the voice," perform shakes and other "ornaments," and so on. But to attempt these things in three parts is at first nearly impossible; the parts are generally too close, too involved, for either boys or teacher to hear distinctly what is being done instead of the correct thing. I therefore suggest that these little songs of Schumann's, "Fortune" and "May-Song," should be tried. The first is a beautiful *staccato* study, very much more difficult to learn, and more effective when sung, than any of the songs our representative has so far heard in Board Schools. The contrast afforded by the *legato* passage at "Take what it brings you" should, of course, be well marked. The "May-Song" gives an opportunity for expressive singing; the more it is studied the more its perfect loveliness will become apparent.

Music in Streatham.

SIGNOR V. GALIERO, pianist and composer, gave a concert at the Town Hall on April 11, assisted by his pupil, Madame Kuypers, and Signor A. Simonetti, the violinist. Two pianos, lent by Messrs. Pleyel and Wolff, occupied the stage, and were used in a Sonata by Clementi and Schumann's lovely Andante and Variations, brilliantly played by master and pupil. If Signor Galiero's teaching is to be judged by the prowess of his pupil, it is eminently successful. The lady played the "Hebrides" and "Oberon" overtures as duets with Signor Galiero; and Chopin's "Fantaisie," Op. 100, alone, and won the hearty applause of a large audience. Signor Galiero gave a liberal selection of brilliant pieces by Rubinstein, Raff, Liszt, and Chopin; also Brahms's arrangement of Weber's "Moto Perpetuo," which, with Liszt's arrangement of Mendelssohn's "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges" for contrast, was played in masterly style. Some of his own compositions were in the programme, and one was given by him and Signor Simonetti, who was to have played Mendelssohn's lovely Violin Concerto, but, owing to the length of the concert, substituted a well-known Nocturne by Chopin, and a very pleasing composition of his own. Madame Sandon was to have been the vocalist, but was absent from indisposition. The concert was a decided *succès d'estime*, and the substantial proceeds were to be handed over to the Tate Public Library—a most laudable proceeding in the eyes of the Streatham folk.

THE news that Master Jean Géardry will appear again in London this season will delight his many admirers. The youthful violoncellist has just returned from a tour in Germany and Holland, which, it is needless to say, has been one long triumph. Let us hope that the immense amount of work which this wonderful boy seems to get through will not tax his constitution overmuch. His friends probably know Mr. Austin Dobson's beautiful poem, "The Child Musician"; but if not, they may be recommended to read it and lay its pathetic moral to heart.

How to Play the Great Masters.

II. THE OLD HARPSICHORD MUSIC.

BY JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

IN the first article of this series (MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, November, 1892), I dealt with a form of art which stands alone, and which, I then said, "in England at any rate is no favourite," namely, a Bach organ-fugue. I propose to deal here with music of which there are many kinds and forms, and which is strangely popular at the present day. The old harpsichord music is largely drawn upon by our professional and amateur pianists. Scarce a programme does not include a suite or part of a suite by Handel or Bach, or a prelude or "sonata" or sarabande, or "air with doubles" from Purcell, Rameau, Lulli or Scarlatti; the gavottes and musettes are hammered until the walls of drawing-rooms echo shrieks that might be the composer's. If not in popularity, at least in the degree of inartistic interpretation it receives, the harpsichord music resembles the organ-works. It is played everywhere, and nearly everywhere played badly. The average pianist rattles off a Bach or Handel suite as heartlessly as the average organist does an organ-fugue. Or he goes to the opposite extreme and sentimentalises most painfully, turning the noble and healthy speech of the great ones into the mincing accent of the royalty-ballad-monger. And whereas the organist has certain insufficient and irrelevant excuses, the pianist has none at all. Not by any stretching of terms can a Handel gavotte be made to come into the category of contrapuntal feats. It is singularly easy to play. As a show-piece it is ineffective. The most sentimental mode of interpretation does not make it "pretty." The wonder is that it is played at all. Why is it?

THE OLD-WORLD CHARM.

For some time all my musings on the subject terminated with this question. Then Mr. Austin's pretty scentless wax-flower poems came into my hands and I found the answer. I saw that these verses were (to such extent as may be) popular because of an old-world scent that hangs about them, an atmosphere which is peculiarly delightful to the nineteenth century mind. They are charged with the very essence of an idealised eighteenth century life, a life of stately courtesies, of grave minuets, of polite card-parties, of evenings at the candle-lighted play-house, of indolent enjoyment of sequestered sylvan scenes, undefiled as yet of the steam-engine. As a contrast to the smoke, glare, hurry and din of this day, the idealised eighteenth century is pleasantly cool. Many have made it a refuge; all of us enjoy it. To catch the subtle aroma of it, we stroll the shady "inns" and courts of London, and we linger in the Temple. Is not the old-world flavour an unacknowledged part of the charm of Bozzy's book; and what but that makes "The Virginians" so peculiarly delightful? This associative power of reviving memories of a time we never knew, is possessed in a high degree by music. The mental effect that Thackeray and Mr. Austin achieve with pains, is got easily by an old-fashioned "progression" of a few chords. 'Tis enough to make one believe in the soul transmigration of the theosophists. Did you and I, reader, indeed live in the year 17—, and if not, why should nothing we read about it—even for the first time—seem new? why

should everything—the music, the card-parties, the dwellings, the paintings and powderings—be so strangely familiar? As a nursery song takes us back to childhood, so an old sarabande carries us off to last century. And this is the secret of the present popularity of the old music, the appreciation of which I have elsewhere called a literary appreciation. This explains the otherwise curious desire to hear Handel or Bach on the harpsichord. The sweet snarl of that instrument is another link with the forgotten past. And this explains, too, why Handel and Bach are played mechanically. The player's aim is not to interpret the composer's meaning, but simply to enjoy the associations that cling to certain "progressions" and turns of melody. Perhaps the reader will pause to ask, Is this kind of playing so very bad, and is it so wrong to enjoy the old-fashioned flavour? The answer is, that if the player is an interpreter of the composer's meaning, this kind of playing cannot be defended; and if the player is not that, he is a machine, and we had better at once order a barrel-organ. There is certainly nothing wrong in the enjoyment of the old-world aroma of the music. It does not harm any living thing. It is not so wicked as wishing (with Byron's servant) to cut up the Elgin marbles for chimney-pieces. I will even go further. What we call the old-world feeling, is something that was actually felt last century, though not as we feel it. Every period has its characteristic emotions. Undoubtedly the nineteenth century will have a distinctive flavour to the twentieth century, and I wish the twentieth century joy of it. The old-world composers shared (more or less) the emotions of the time, and expressed them in their music. The old-world flavour is therefore inseparable from the old-world music, and an interpretation of the one which does not give the other is less than a complete interpretation. My complaint is that the eighteenth century colour is too much thought about, and the composers' individualities too little; our appreciation of the eighteenth century is swamping our appreciation of the eighteenth century men. In short, I would say that we must treat Bach, Handel, Scarlatti and the rest with the same courtesy we extend to Beethoven and Schubert. We must learn the emotion, the vitality, that makes their work live, and apply all our technical knowledge and power to the task of playing it so as to convey that emotion to the minds of our hearers.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY VEIL.

It is fairly easy for us of the nineteenth century to grasp the inner meaning of Beethoven's music. For Beethoven is nineteenth century, too. The nineteenth century feeling does not come as a haze between him and us; nor do we see any resemblance between him and (say) Schumann, because that feeling enters into the music of both. To the twentieth century, however, all the nineteenth century music will be seen to be coloured by the nineteenth century feeling; and this super-imposed colour will have to be pierced through before the distinctive characters of Beethoven and Schumann are felt. Similarly, it is necessary for us now to get behind the eighteenth century feeling in the music of Handel, Bach, Gluck, and Scarlatti. The first step to learning the inner meaning of these men is to familiarise ourselves with their dialect. Doubtless the old-world flavour is partly composed of something that eludes analysis, but it is also strengthened by elements which are obvious, which, once known, can always be recognised and disregarded for the time being when studying any given composer.

HOW TO LIFT IT.

Let us note these obvious elements. They reside, of course, in melody, harmony, or rhythm. With reference to the first, we must bear in mind that certain characteristics of eighteenth century music have become so familiar to us in Handel that newer associations have swamped the old ones. We do not feel the song, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," or parts of "Every Valley," or the *grave* movement of the "Messiah" overture to be old world. Yet they are essentially so. The lovely air, "Lascia ch' io, pianga" is redolent of wigs and harpsichords, and other eighteenth century properties, and many of its phrases occur again and again in the "Messiah," in "Judas," and in "Samson." They form Handel's common mode of speech; only when we are as familiar with the harpsichord music as we are with the oratorios will we pierce the eighteenth century glamour and learn what Handel meant by them. We must deal in the same way with Bach and the others. Looking beneath the superficial resemblances between their phrases we will see the essential differences. Thus we shall gradually come to see Handel's themes and phrases resemble one another in much the same way as Beethoven's do. Undoubtedly the twentieth century students will wonder why Beethoven's subjects are "so much alike," and why Beethoven, Schumann, and Schubert took so great pains to write like one another: the nineteenth century has its typical and pet phrases just as the eighteenth had. The thorough student will discern under what is common to the various phrases the individuality of each, he will discern the individuality of each old composer, too, under what is common to them all. All this applies to harmony as well as to melody, and for that matter, to rhythm too. But the last demands special consideration. Undoubtedly the most powerful of the obvious elements in the eighteenth century character is rhythm. I do not refer to the dance tunes, the gavotte, minuet, sarabande; I mean the continuous motion that pervades nearly every bar of the old music. Here are a couple of examples:





The first is from No. 36 of Bach's "immortal forty-eight," the other from a Suite in F by Handel. The two are quite unlike in character, the emotions are different, the rhythms are dissimilar. Yet they have something in common that stamps them as eighteenth century. The something is not in the melodies nor in the harmonies—neither are particularly characteristic; it lies in the continuous motion that fills the rhythmical periods, and gives us the sense that it will go on like a piece of clockwork until the motive-power is spent. This we must become accustomed to. The old music, like the new, must not be studied by inches; or, to speak more accurately perhaps, it should be measured not by the crotchet, but by the four or eight crotchet rhythmical period. The tones of the old instruments were weak and ephemeral. Successions of chords in slow or even moderate time were ineffective. To secure continuity of tone arpeggios or scale-passages were necessary. We must learn to regard groups of four semiquavers as the eighteenth century equivalent for the modern crotchet, and so on. Looked at so, the rhythms of the old men are full of variety, although the clock-work effect may at first strike us as monotonous.

There are preliminary difficulties. When the eighteenth century veil is lifted, when the merely extrinsic is got rid of and the music stands forth naked, then we have the real work to commence, the work of divining the emotional meaning of each piece and conceiving such a mode of rendering it that that emotional meaning will be clear to every hearer. Doubtless any student who has seriously set to work to become thoroughly acquainted with the eighteenth century character will already have formed certain more or less definite conceptions. But, for some time at least, these must not be allowed, so to speak, to harden. It is certain they will be more or less warped, distorted, and untrue. Meanings will have been found where none were intended, or missed altogether under the overlying eighteenth century colour.

HOW TO STUDY.

The best mode of becoming acquainted with the old music is to play it in a colourless manner on the pianoforte, making no attempt at first to introduce expression beyond the *fortes* and *pianos* indicated by the composers, but avoiding, on the other hand, the hammering, "true classical," piano-smashing style. This should be done with a few typical pieces, and continued until the student feels the imperative necessity of making a *ritard.* here, an *accel.* there, of placing here a *crescendo*, there a *diminuendo*, of playing this passage *piano* or *staccato*, that *forte* or *legato*, and so on. As these changes are made in obedience to an inward, it may be a blind, need, the emotional meaning of the work will gradually become clear, and as it becomes clear will suggest the necessity of other modifications. Needless to say, any indications given by the composer are of the utmost value in preventing the growth of a wrong conception and in assisting the growth of a true one.

TIME AND EXPRESSION.

When the *tempo* is given it must be remembered that the pace has increased since (say) Bach's day. His *presto* is our *allegro moderato*,

and so on. Yet it would be utterly wrong to play a Bach *andante* at the same rate of speed as our *adagio*. Literally, the "times have changed." A pace that was wildly exciting to the eighteenth century mind may be a very tame affair to us, whose souls have been torn into fiddle-strings by the scherzos of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. If Bach were coming back and playing his music at his own pace, the best inclined of us would declare the performance a trifle slow. Allowance must be made for this. When no *tempo* is given it may often be sufficiently known from the names of the various movements. We know the pace at which to take a courante, and minuet, and sarabande, and the rest; or, at any rate, half an hour's study of a musical dictionary will inform us. The pace of the preludes or fugues must be gathered from the character of the music, and the study of analogous vocal pieces will afford many valuable hints. With regard to *forte* and *piano* marks, etc., it must be borne in mind that the old instruments were very feeble machines. I played the other day on a very fine double-harpsichord at Broadwood's: its *forte* was no louder than the *mezzo-forte* of a modern piano. At the same time its *pianissimo* was no softer. It is hardly fair, therefore, to an old composer to let ourselves go whenever he writes "*f*," nor must we deal too gently with his "*p*." Yet what has been said about *tempi* applies equally here. After our heads have been nearly banged off by a Liszt rhapsody, it is useless to keep the same relation between *f* and *p* as Bach observed. It must be, at any rate, slightly exaggerated. In short, in music as in literature, a literal translation is rarely a true one; we must translate the idiom of the one language into the idiom of the other.

PHRASING AND EXPRESSION IN DETAILS.

The phrasing adopted, the manner of playing individual passages, and the shades of tone-colour and tone-volume used in the particular piece we are studying, all depend upon our notion of the composers' intentions. While starting from the colourless reading and gradually building up a conception, as I have advised, it is well also to make use of what we know of the different composers' aims. This may save us from all manner of anachronisms: such as forcing an eighteenth century meaning upon seventeenth century music—as is generally done at present. Much may be learnt from the various composers' vocal works; indeed, without considerable familiarity with the vocal music of Handel and Bach, it is next to impossible to get at the true meaning of their instrumental compositions. Then we may learn from a consideration of the various musical periods at which the different composers lived. If we cannot know what a man meant, it is as well to know what he cannot have meant. Let us briefly consider these points, and at the same time the instruments written for.

THE ARCHAIC MEN.

Amongst the archaic men I include Purcell, Drs. Bull and Blow, Lulli, Couperin, and their contemporaries. Their instrument was the virginals or early spinet—instruments thin in tone and destitute of capacity for expression. Their music is full of crudities—Dr. Blow writes a fugue in six-eight, when nine-eight is the proper measure. They all have certain skill in contrapuntal writing, but their sense of harmony is astonishingly weak. Their basses especially are rarely satisfactory for many bars together. Their music is "decorative." As William Morris covers so many square feet of wall with a design which is beautiful or the

reverse, so these old men filled so many minutes with a more or less lovely sound-pattern. In a half-unconscious way they put their feelings into their music, and in every case we should try to divine that feeling and give it expression. But we must avoid being misled, by resemblances between some of their phrases and some modern ones, into reading modern passion into their music. Nor must we put there the eighteenth century grace. We must be simple, direct, letting the crudities go, and avoiding exaggeration.

THE HARPSICHORD MEN.

Perhaps the representative harpsichord writer is Scarlatti. His music is gay and lively, full of brilliant effects, and he rarely endeavours to express profound feeling. He, too, is a decorative artist; not in intention, but in skill, highly-developed ear, and greater inventive power, does he differ from the archaic men. The improved harpsichord of his day, with its two key-boards, pedals, and numerous stops, permitted much greater variety than his predecessors' instruments, and of these Scarlatti doubtless took full advantage. In transferring his music to the piano, any expressive playing, in the modern sense, is out of place. But constantly changing tone-colour, a judicious use of *forte* and *piano*, and vigorous phrasing—anything, in short, which helps to bring out what is in his music, namely brilliancy, power and grace, and does not make us feel the want of what is not in it, emotion—will be in place. Handel wrote for the harpsichord, but is not a harpsichord writer in the sense that Scarlatti is. Scarlatti is quite satisfied with his instrument, and writes to bring out its best qualities. Handel has "something to say," but says only so much as the instrument will permit, and lets the rest go. It is in masses of sound that he expresses himself: hence his greatness in choral writing. He did not care to elaborate his phrases like Bach. While study will show that he seldom wrote anything for the harpsichord which does not express a very definite emotion, we must frankly accept his method, making his inner meaning evident by playing him broadly, and not vainly seeking to make his every phrase sound expressive. In playing Scarlatti, crispness of touch is essential, but no great volume of tone. But in Handel's case greater fulness seems necessary. I have no doubt Handel often wanted more noise than he could get.

THE CLAVICHORD MEN.

There is only one—John Sebastian Bach; for his son Emanuel, and Haydn and Mozart, belong to a later and entirely different school, and used the clavichord merely as a substitute for the then imperfect piano. We now know quite well Bach's aim and method: his aim in every piece he wrote to give utterance to some definite emotion, some poetic idea; his method (1) to take a theme which is the emotional germ of his movement, and expand it (as in the suites, sonatas, some of the preludes, and all the fugues); or (2) to write a sort of huge instrumental recitative (the chromatic fantasia and many of the preludes being examples). These are his usual methods, but not unfrequently he gives us a simple but lovely series of harmonies in arpeggio form, as in the first prelude of the forty-eight. Now, the clavichord gives every shade of tone-volume between a feeble *forte* and an almost inaudible *piano*, and we know it was because of its consequent capacity for expression that Bach preferred it to the harpsichord or the then so-called *piano e forte*. His themes also show that they were meant to be played with expression; indeed, without it, his music is intolerably dull and often hideous. Every

phrase of it must be carefully studied and the utmost degree of expressiveness put into it. Most of the clavichord music has scarce a mark indicating pace or expression. It must be played again in the colourless manner until the need for departure from the level tone and pace is felt. When a few pieces are thus studied and the meaning grasped, the student will find that he has a key to the remainder of Bach's music; that, in fact, he has learnt to understand Bach's language. But it cannot be too strongly urged that his vocal music must be studied, for whatever meaning there is in his "words" he endeavours to fetch out; and we have, therefore, a dictionary showing, at any rate, the kinds of meaning his phrases bear. No precise rules can be laid down for the correct mode of performing the fugues or suites or partitas. Even the doctors—i.e., Bulow and Rubinstein—differ greatly. But a few general principles cannot be objected to. In the fugues the subject is the all-important thing. It is the emotional germ. By studying it, alone and in its combinations, its meaning will be found, and a phrasing and accentuation that make the meaning clear. This phrasing and accentuation it is generally best to adhere to throughout; but they may be sacrificed without hesitation when the meaning is thereby made clearer. Truthfulness of expression, not consistency, should be our aim, and truth is often attained through giving up consistency. In the fugues, I need hardly say, any liberties may be taken with the time, and *sforzandos*, or other effects introduced when we choose, if the music is thereby made more expressive. At the same time, either to sentimentalise or modernise is bad. I have already said that an interpretation of eighteenth century music which does not include the eighteenth century feeling is incomplete. The various movements of the suites may be dealt with in the same way. The recitative movements, such as the chromatic fantasia, are perhaps the most difficult to render rightly. The true feeling must be found, and every successive bar played so as to bring it out the more strongly. Finally, to adapt Bach's music to nineteenth century ears, nearly the whole power and tone-variety of a modern grand is needed. So long as we keep the eighteenth century feeling, we may play as passionately as we please, using everything from the *una corda ppp* up to *fortissimo*.

CONCLUSION.

Perhaps the correct title for this article would be "Hints on studying the Old Masters," for it is only hints I can give in the space at my disposal. My object is not to teach anyone to play the old music as Bulow, Rubinstein, or Paderewski play it—though invaluable hints may be got from them—but to indicate a method of study by which everyone may ascertain what its meaning is, and a method of playing it which shall be true and vital.

I HEAR that the opening ceremony at the new Royal College of Music, which it was hoped would have been performed during the season by the Queen, will most probably not take place until next year. The postponement is said to be due to the inability of her Majesty to fix a day, but another reason may be found in the unfinished block of flats (one of the Liberator speculations) in the immediate neighbourhood, pending the completion of which the road in front of the college cannot be constructed. The honour of furnishing the music to Mr. Swinburne's ode to be performed on the opening day has been competed for by a small number of past scholars of the college, their scores having been sent in some weeks ago. No selection has as yet been made.

The Broken Harpsichord.

ALTHOUGH the singular event which I am about to relate happened a considerable time ago, and though since then I have wandered far and led a busy, practical kind of life, sunk deep in commonplace, yet the incident, and everything connected with it, stands out as clear and fresh in my memory as it did at first. This is the first time that I have chronicled it, or indeed divulged what transpired to anyone. Often have I pondered it and sought to explain it away, but ever in vain. Once before have I sat down at my desk and begun the narrative, but then I did not feel as I do to-day. To relate the story seemed to me then a breach of confidence; to-day something, some inexplicable force, urges me to the narrative, and so here in plain, unvarnished style is a simple history, which the reader must accept or reject, as may seem good to him.

Let me preface my story by saying that I am no musician, that is to say, I have never performed in public, never held crowds captive while I played or sang; I never studied music under a celebrated master, nor have I ever penetrated into the mysteries of Wagner, whilst Beethoven's Ninth Symphony has ever been to me a thing wonderful, inexplicable, not-to-be-understood. The most I have done is perhaps to have gone with the crowd to hear Liszt play, or to have stood at the back of St. James's Hall, whilst Sarasate has been adding a triumph to his previous victories. In other words, I am a plain, unvarnished amateur of the most mediocre musical acquirements, and withal unromantic, practical and reputed hard-headed. Of only one failing, that might in any sense be styled romantic, can my friends accuse me. I have ever had a love for the antique; the past has always seemed to me greater than the present, and whilst I have been listening, and not without pleasure, to such great men as those I have named, I have often caught half a sneer of wonder on my lips as to whether or not these might not be as far below some of the musicians of the past in their enthusiasm for musical ideals and loyalty to them as they are superior to myself in everything connected with music. But my preface is long-winded and personal, though not irrelevant.

One bleak February day some three years ago I might have been seen wandering with child-like delight from room to room in the Museum at South Kensington. It had long been my habit to spend such leisure hours as I had either there or at the British Museum, for though I know almost nothing of the history of the things I see, and abhor the guide-books, I love to stand gazing at some noble sculpture or some ancient vase, or it may be before an old picture which would never have been accepted at the Academy, or before some other relic of the past, and wonder what the man was like who made it, and what his neighbours said about it, whether he made any money by it, why he took to that kind of work, and so on.

So this February afternoon I came at last to a large and curiously-shaped musical instrument, evidently very old, of which I could have told you nothing, save that it was a harpsichord, a double harpsichord, and that it had some Latin inscriptions on it. Naturally enough I looked to see what they were. There were four in all:

"Sic transit gloria mundi.
"Musica donum dei.
"Acta virum probant.
"Andreas Ruckers me fecit Antwerpiae, 1651."

None of these interested me save the last, and that at first chiefly because I had recently been in Antwerp, and had been greatly pleased with the view from the Flamisch Hoofd of that curious city with its cathedral, its statues, its narrow streets, its inhabitants, and the thousand points of interest one sees on every hand.

But apparently I had not yet exhausted the wonders of the harpsichord, for what was that picture in the belly of the instrument? A group of monkeys, ay! a concert of monkeys, while one of them conducted. Why in truth I had come upon something well worth seeing—an ancient harpsichord, an epitome of history and philosophy, and withal a comedy to boot. Perhaps a still closer inspection would be repaid; so I must needs wander round and round, spying ignorantly into the dusty crannies, examining the strings, the stops, the key-board. I noticed that this last was broken with age, but my dull eyes could perceive nothing more, and so I passed on.

After a few desultory turns round the room, I found myself once more close neighbour to the curious old harpsichord, and being somewhat tired with my peregrinations I sat down on the seat near it and surveyed it yet once again. What, thought I, has become of Andreas Ruckers, if indeed there ever were a man of such a name and he did make this instrument? I said this to myself, because experience had made me very suspicious of inscriptions and their worth. Anyhow, somebody must have made it, and as like Andreas Ruckers as anybody else. Whoever it was, it was an amazingly fine piece of work, and I looked admiringly at my discovery. But it seemed I was not the only admirer, for some other sightseer was now examining it. He was probably a musician, for he paid no heed to the picture, but was intent on the construction of the instrument. But what was this? Musician or no musician, he had no right to take the strings one by one and feel them, for there was the notice plain enough: "Visitors are particularly requested not to touch." Where was the attendant? Ay, there he was on his wonted seat, stolid as usual. Well, it was no business of mine, but the stranger might at least have observed the regulation a little more strictly, for now he was prodding with his finger at the keyboard—angrily it seemed. He appeared to be trying to mend it, and I felt myself getting interested in the operation. Now, for the first time, I noticed his dress, which was that of a bygone age, and, so far as I could remember, not worn at any time in England. I rose from my seat, so great was my interest, and stood just behind this oddly dressed stranger, that I might watch him better. I hardly felt astonished when I perceived that he was talking away rapidly, and that, though the words were in a foreign tongue, I could understand all he said. That was the less difficult, as his fingers wandered quickly from part to part of the harpsichord, and his animated face revealed the emotions which were swaying him. The sense of what he said was as follows:

"Alas! alas! I thought it would have lasted longer than this, not three hundred and fifty years. So it might have done had not stupid folks mistaken it for an artist's canvas. I wonder if those pianofortes of which their makers boast so much, last much longer than three hundred years. My brother Hans made a famous harpsichord once. It was he who first taught me to add this third string—the

shorter one, and use these finer wires. Have they become as useless as the keyboard?"

He stopped and touched the instrument with skilful fingers, and the tone was brilliant and powerful. But he shook his head with dissatisfaction, and went on muttering:

"And to think that this instrument, which I made and even my brother admired, should have fallen so soon into disuse and be placed as a curiosity in a museum for fools to stare at."

I winced as he said this, for I knew my eyes were riveted upon him and the harpsichord.

"Even these jacks are broken. Alas! alas! Has the world forgotten the Ruckers family? People talked enough about them once. I wonder what has become of that painting of Madeleine Hockaert by my uncle, which he set such store by. It turned his silly head, and he changed his name to Rycker. Well! well! this harpsichord now isn't worth much more than the old clavecin which my father saw in the thirties in the sixteenth century in the parish of Notre Dame. My clever old father! How proud he was the day he finished the harpsichord which first brought him money and fame. I wasn't born then, but Hans was, and he has often told me how all the neighbours came to see it, and all the musicians of the city, and a wealthy merchant asked him to make one like it for him, and said he should have what price he pleased for it. My father and Hans might have made a fortune if they liked, but they cared for nothing but ever to make each instrument better than the one that went before. They were ever devising some improvement here or there. What a cry of triumph Hans set up when he thought of using a second keyboard, ay, and these stops!"

Suddenly the old man turned round and looked sternly at me, as I stood trembling, feeling for all the world like a guilty schoolboy caught eavesdropping.

"Who are you, sir?" said the stranger.

"Nobody, sir," I replied in fear.

"Humph! That's what Ulysses said to the Cyclops, and then put out his eye. Are you the keeper of this museum, sir? If so, I should advise you to—"

"Closing time, sir," said the stolid attendant at my side.

No Excuse Now for Rashful Vocalists.

"I REALLY couldn't, dear boy; it's not in my key," says the nervous young man as a last resource when asked to do his share at a sing-song. But with the patent transforming piano, invented by Mr. E. H. Gigney, this miserable excuse will avail little in future. In a brace of shakes, by actuating a small lever, the keyboard may be altered, so that the pianist can play in any one of six different keys from the same music. The fingering is the same, and the change is instantaneous. Pressing the lever raises the "action" clear of the keys, which are then moved until the index points to the required key. Simplicity and strength are combined in the movement. There is absolutely nothing to get out of order, and a fifteen years' guarantee is given by the makers, G. Russell and Co., of Stanhope Street, Euston Road. The instrument on view was indeed a very up-to-date one. In addition to the transposing arrangement it had an organ attachment which, by gently attaching an extra pedal, produced a delicious tremolo, which can be maintained at will. The effects thus obtainable, combined with the diminuendo, are really charming.

Interview with Dr. Lemare at Bournemouth.



BOURNEMOUTH, "the Paradise of pines," with its soft, fresh, pure climate, its blue expanse of ocean and long stretch of yellow sand, has, ever since I first made its acquaintance, had powerful attractions for me; and the kind invitation I received from Dr. Lemare to pay him a visit was doubly welcome, as it afforded me an opportunity, not only of seeing for myself the good musical work in which he is engaged, but of breathing once more the air of the "Evergreen Valley."

Dr. Lemare is a much occupied man, and was more than usually busy on the day of my visit with the arrangements of one of his Oratorio Concerts, which have become recognised musical events in Bournemouth.

"I am so much pressed just now," said the Doctor, after giving me a genial welcome, "with so many matters that seem to come in a lump, that I can hardly collect my thoughts to answer questions."

We were standing in the Shaftesbury Hall, a somewhat cold-looking room in which the Oratorio Concerts are given, and as if to substantiate his word, the worthy musician was at once surrounded by an army of workers, to whom I was obliged for the time to surrender him.

"Come and see me after this afternoon's concert," he said, and was presently absorbed in the necessary preparations for a great performance of Handel's "Judas Maccabæus," by a choir and orchestra nearly 200 strong.

After the concert I was able to gather the particulars of Dr. Lemare's career, which will interest readers of this paper, as will also the fact that the worthy Doctor himself is an avowed admirer of the *MAGAZINE OF MUSIC*.

William Lemare is a native of Surrey, having been born at Milford, near Guildford, and is the fourth son of Mr. Frederick Handel Lemare, who was himself a highly esteemed professor.

He commenced his musical studies under his father, subsequently becoming a pupil of Dr. Gauntlett, who succeeded in inculcating him with much of his own enthusiasm for Handel, Bach, Beethoven, Purcell, and other masters of the true classical school. At the age of sixteen, young Lemare undertook the duties of organist at Horsley, and since then has devoted a considerable part of his time to the cultivation of Church Music. He has held appointments as organist and choirmaster in several important

London churches, and amongst the many notable objects of interest to be seen in his charming residence at Parkstone not the least valued are the illuminated addresses which accompanied various handsome articles presented to Dr., then Mr., Lemare, by the members of his choirs at the Parish Church, Brixton; St. Saviour's, Herne Hill; St. Mary's, Newington, and other churches. When, a little more than ten years ago, he was obliged by broken health to leave London and seek the "sunny South," his talents in this direction were soon called into requisition at St. Mary's, Longfleet; there he has succeeded in establishing a choir which has a wide repute, and is, undoubtedly, one of the best in the district.

"What fine bass voices," I remarked to a neighbour, after listening to a more than usually vigorous rendering of the Chorus "O Father, Whose Almighty Power," at the "Judas" concert to which I have referred.

"Yes," was the reply. "They are members of the Doctor's choir at Longfleet."

As a conductor, Dr. Lemare is best known. The Brixton Choral Society, which he directed for several years, first brought him into repute, and he was engaged to conduct a series of concerts given at the Crystal Palace in connection with the first Electric Exhibition, when the telephone was used in the concert room and the sound of voices and instruments conveyed to all parts of London. The Bournemouth Choral and Orchestral Society was formed by him nine years ago, and the Ringwood Philharmonic Society later. These societies have done much to cultivate a taste for oratorio and classical music, performances of a large number of the best choral works of the great masters having been given by them.

"Do you teach, Dr. Lemare?"

"Oh, yes. Before I came to Bournemouth I was Principal of the Surrey County School of Music; there I have established an Academy with very good success."

I had an opportunity of hearing some of the pupils at the Academy, and very excellent work they did, confirming the opinion I so often heard expressed in Bournemouth that Dr. Lemare is no less successful as a teacher than as a conductor.

"My degree," said the Doctor, "was conferred by the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1888." He showed me the list of signatories, which included Sir F. Gore Ouseley, Sir John Stainer, Dr. Bridge, Dr. Martin, Mr. Cowen, Signor Randegger, Dr. Turpin and Mr. Ebenezer Prout. This was as it should be. "Honour to whom honour is due." And surely honour is due to that man who, like William Lemare, spends time, energy, health, life in the cause of Art—who is content to cast his bread upon the waters, wide and deep though often they needs must be, believing always that he will find it again, even though it may be "after many days."

W. B.

The Composition of the Month.

Mr. Stewart Macpherson's Concert-Stück.

WHY Concert-stück, Mr. Macpherson? Piece sounds quite as well as "morceau" or "stück," besides meaning the same, and concert-piece sounds better than concert-stück, besides being honest English. I hope Mr. Macpherson is not ashamed of his nationality, and that when this work is printed it will go forth, unmistakably English, a Concert-piece. Whether Mr. Macpherson is ashamed of us or not, we have no reason to be ashamed of him: concert-stück or concert-piece, this is such an unusually genuine piece of English art that one has no right to cavil at the name. There is no clue whatever to the meaning—at least, I find none in the dedication "to the memory of my dear mother." This is satisfactory; for nowadays there is so much "programme" music that it is a pleasure to come across a composer who "greatly dares" to let his music stand on its own legs—if one may so say. Of unlabelled pianoforte-music especially we have all too few examples produced in England just now; and I hope Mr. Macpherson's work will be successful enough with the public to induce others to follow in his steps.

There is no indication, I have said, of the composer's meaning; but nevertheless I cannot resist the impression that he has "worked to a story" as we are told Beethoven did. Readers will see for themselves as we get along. The first section of the piece is an Andante sostenuto in A, "common" time. Two bars of introductory arpeggios for pianoforte alone (except that 'cellos and basses sustain a low A) lead up to the theme (likewise for solo piano), which is here given without the arpeggio accompaniment for the left hand.



The 'cellos and basses cease in the seventh bar, whilst the piano continues the theme three bars longer. It is then taken up by strings, wood wind, and horns, the piano going on with the arpeggio accompaniment, and after a climax subsides to a soft *pianissimo* consisting chiefly of florid bravura passages for piano, which can hardly be quoted here. Then follows a crescendo leading into the chief theme of an Allegro appassionato:



Indeed, as this Allegro occupies fifty-six out of the seventy-four pages of the manuscript score, this theme may be regarded as the principal one of the work. It is immediately taken up by the strings—as in the Andante—the piano accompanying in triplet arpeggios. The passage which follows is of a most passionate character, but the feeling suddenly sinks and we have the following *tranquillo* (pianoforte alone):



A lovely effect is gained in the next bar by the same passages being placed on flutes and clarionets, while the piano part runs down in thirds, and commences its arpeggios again. Indeed, the next few bars are "show" work for the piano alone; but the bravura phrases are strung cleverly upon variations or "workings" of the main theme, so that any feeling that they are interpolations is impossible. Gradually another climax is brought about; and this gives the pianist another chance, for it seems quite natural that the subsidence to the level of the general feeling of the work should be accomplished by a kind of bravura-cadenza passage. After this interesting *diminuendo* there follows a most curious section. I give at once the second principal subject:



Now preceding this we have this:



which seems an anticipation of the second theme, the third bar being note for note the same, save that one is in the minor and the other the major key. There is still further episodic matter, principally for piano, before arriving at the second theme. This is at once "worked" in various ways, canon being employed with remarkable effect: one passage leading up to the climax being of extraordinary power. Then follows quite a long cadenza—the difficulties of which, however, are not insurmountable by the average modern pianist. Shortly after the commencement of the "Free Fantasia," or "development" section, we get to the last important bit of subject-matter in the work. Here it is—perhaps the best of the lot:



The continuation of the working out is one of perfect beauty. The strings sustain soft chords, the piano has gently beating triplets, and one horn gives out in low and clear tones a form of the first subject. The clarionet echoes the concluding phrase, the horn speaks again, and gradually the whole orchestra joins in and leads to a combination of the two principal subjects—No. 2 on the upper wind, No. 1 on 'cellos, basses and bassoons, whilst the upper strings have a brilliant counterpoint. Of the various further "workings" I have not room to speak. The next landmark is a repetition of the introductory Andante sostenuto. This is followed by the concluding section, which may be called a summary of the Allegro section. The interest, as the novel reviewers say, is "never allowed to flag for an instant, and after one more "showy" cadenza the work finishes—not exactly on a "grand amen," but on a unison A, which will, I expect, "fetch down the house."

This is, I am aware, a very crude analysis, and I have been compelled—by the printer's needs—to pass over many interesting points. My

readers will notice that the themes have a close family resemblance. Moreover, the mode of developing them is so similar throughout, and different shades of one tone-colour so constantly prevail, that I take it the whole movement is expressive of one emotion—that Mr. Macpherson is painting one scene. Of course many stories could be adapted to the music, but I will merely say that the picture seems to me another view of that presented by Wagner in "Tristan." The music is love-music from beginning to end. I consider this a fine and a hopeful work, because of the vitality, expressiveness, beauty of the themes, because of the powerful way in which the one atmosphere is sustained from beginning to end, because of the technical mastery with which the themes are worked, and the bravura passages for the solo instrument brought in without causing any interruption or seeming other than natural and inevitable. The work will be performed by the Westminster Orchestral Society at St. James' Hall on May 17th.

J. F. R.

Musicians in Council.

DR. MORTON. Well, Miss Seaton, I need hardly ask if you have anything for us to-night, for the song composer, like Tennyson's brook, goes on for ever, and with apparently as little chance of exhaustion. But let us see what you have accumulated in your portfolio since our last meeting.

Miss Seaton. Songs! Yes; it is getting to be a serious problem to know what to say about each individual composition as it comes smiling from the press, and if the present rate of production goes on it is possible we may by-and-by find the reviewers classing the efforts of composers under the old headings of "Good, bad, and indifferent." But to our work. "Marjorie's Fortune," by C. Roget Légure (W. Morley & Co.), has a pretty melody and a graceful accompaniment, which also may be said of Mr. Alfred Dixon Lord's "Between the Lights" (Harrison & Co.). Another setting of "Crossing the Bar" comes from Messrs. Methven, Simpson & Co., this time by Louis Rivere. It is one of the best that has yet been given to us, but the setting has yet to come. The same composer furnishes a capital song in Kingsley's "The Knight's Return" (same publishers), for which a good bass vocalist might soon win the popular favour. I like Mr. H. Klein's "Where Daddie Waits for Me" (Mocatta & Co.), but why do composers waste what genius they have on these unnatural, moping children, who at the end of the song seem to enter "the golden-gates" as surely as the three volume novel ends in matrimony? Not such words would our good old English composers have set to music, and we have assuredly had more than enough of it. A bright waltz song and chorus is "Daisies," by Otto Bonnell (Chicago: Will Rossiter), though here, too, the words are not much better than any boarding-school miss of fifteen might turn out before she was fully awake of a morning.

Mrs. Morton. My portfolio is hardly worth opening, but it may as well be cleared while we are here. Messrs. Cocks & Co. send a Melodie Romantique for 'cello and piano by Leo Stern. The composer comes of a musical family, his father being a leading violin teacher

at Brighton, and his mother a pupil of Stern dale Bennett. In the present composition he shows both feeling and technical skill. We have no harpist on our council to give us the benefit of his special knowledge, but I can at any rate recommend as melodious pieces for the instrument the "Reverie" and "Il Coro delle Sirene" by Giorgio Lorenzi (Alfred Hays).

Dr. Morton. Now I must have my turn, for I have a large quantity of pianoforte and organ music which is certainly worthy of attention. Among the former is a set of very scholarly pieces by C. Mawson-Marks (Frankfurt: B. Firnberg). They are all worth playing, and some of them, especially the "Elegie" and the "Cradle Song," are particularly effective. Mr. Alfred J. Caldicott's "Sabot Dance" (Weekes) is an effective and melodious composition, as might be expected from the writer's reputation; and the same may be said of M. Sieveking's Valse Lente (Methven, Simpson, & Co.) which is dedicated to Madame Patti. The only thing that seems to be new about E. Sauerbrey's "Technical Studies in Double Notes for the Pianoforte" (Weekes) is the foreign fingering. *Pace* Mr. W. H. Cummings and other enthusiasts who want to call the thumb the first finger! this system of enumeration will never become popular in England, and an editor who insists on using it handicaps himself from the first. Herr Sauerbrey's studies are as good as any other studies of the kind, but I and my fellow teachers would rather spare ourselves the trouble of altering all the fingering while giving lessons. Mr. Arthur E. Godfrey's "British Heroes" (Cocks) is a stirring quick march, with an *ad lib.* vocal trio, which has already been made popular by the leading bands, and Gustav Reusch's two compositions (Cocks), "Unter den Linden" and "Roumanian Dance," are both graceful and melodious. Mr. Seymour Smith has long ministered to the wants of pianoforte teachers and students, and his latest pieces, six of which have been published, under the title of "In the Meadows," by Alfred Hays, are likely to be as useful and as popular as most of his other works. They are easy to play and pleasant to listen to. Mr. Hays also sends a Pastorale "In the Highlands" by Claudius H. Couldery, which would have been better if it had been more simply written. Heinrich Hofmann is one of the most prolific of composers who yet contrives to retain his freshness and inspiration. His latest published work is a set of descriptive pianoforte pieces in duet form, and in two books entitled "Kirmess" (Novello). The theme is a village festival and fair, and we have the merry-making set forth in a series of musical pictures which Schumann himself might have put his name to.

Mr. B. Williams begins the publication of a series of pianoforte compositions from the pen of Nicolo Tesori, by a well-written Intermezzo which would be useful for teaching purposes. Carl Weber's Serenade Barcarolle and Arthur Desmond's Valse Caprice (Stanley Lucas) are both good compositions worth playing. A Sonata in F minor by E. A. Chamberlayne (Novello) is dedicated to Mr. Manns, and contains some capital writing. The scherzo in F major is charming, and the finale shows many points of interest.

In a world that is full of uncertainties we are always sure of Dr. Spark's "Organist's Quarterly Journal," which, like Tennyson's brook, goes on for ever without becoming "dry." The present is the 97th Part, and it is an unusually good number. I have played the most of it through for Sunday voluntaries, and have had special inquiries after Bellando's pretty Allegretto Pastorale in E (but how does the composer expect us to get that crescendo with both feet on

the pedals?), Horner's Andante in A (with some pretty flute work above a reed solo), and Parodi's Moderato in A minor. There are other good things in the number, which is, indeed, altogether of a very high standard. Mr. H. J. Trembath's "Hercules" march for the organ has already been made popular by Mr. W. S. Hoyte and other players. It is worked up very effectively, and at the close a fine use is made of the principal theme by throwing it into the pedals in octaves. Mr. Trembath's Romance for violin and piano is an effective composition in the original, but I have been unable to take kindly to the organ arrangement. No doubt that is my misfortune. These organ pieces are issued by the London Music Publishing Company. Dr. G. C. Martin, of St. Paul's, carries steadily forward his excellent "Organ Arrangements" (Novello), which all organists should see. The three new numbers include an Adagio in B minor by Mozart, an Adagio in A flat by Beethoven, and a Chaconne in F by Purcell. The arrangements are skilfully done, and the pieces themselves are well adapted for the instrument. Messrs. Novello have further added to their series of "Original Compositions for the Organ" a set of four pieces by Otto Dienel. They are a trifle heavy for the developing French tastes of the day; but the Concert Fugue contains some brilliant work, and the Adagio in D would be effective with a good flute stop. Mr. Percy W. Pilcher's two preludes are good enough to remind one occasionally of Henry Smart; while Mr. F. G. Blatch's "Offer-tory" in F major commends itself for spirit and originality. Mr. E. H. Lemare's Pastorale in E (Cocks), is a pleasant flowing composition, the melody of which is laid out for the oboe and clarinet stops. An Andante in F (Williams) by Frank Swinford, a pupil of Dr. E. H. Turpin, is somewhat too florid in parts to suit the genius of the instrument, but it is worth playing for all that. An "Idylle Ecossaise," by Charles H. Fogg (Stanley Lucas), is an arrangement for the organ from a solo for oboe with accompaniment for united strings. It would make a pleasing voluntary or a recital piece. Mr. Alfred Phillips' "Thirteen Voluntaries for Organ, Harmonium, or American Organ," will be useful for small instruments and players of limited capacity; and the same may be said of Mr. William Metcalfe's "Twelve Original Voluntaries" (both Novello).

From Messrs. Novello come a couple of settings of the morning and evening service, together with the Office for the Holy Communion. One (in the key of E) is by Horatio W. Parker, organist of Holy Trinity, New York, and the other (in B flat) by Henry John King, organist of St. Mark's, Melbourne. Both are well worth the attention of organists and choirmasters, being at once musically and in the true spirit of our best English composers.

MISS MARGARET FOWLES (who has directed the Ryde Choral Union since 1874, when it was founded under her instrumentality) conducted a very fine performance of the "Elijah" at the Town Hall, Ryde, on Thursday evening, April 6th. A judiciously selected band and chorus of about 130, under the experienced guidance of this energetic and enthusiastic musician, gave a most powerful and dramatic rendering of the great work, every point and nuance being given with a fidelity and a *verve* which would have done credit to a metropolitan society. Miss Fowles is to be congratulated on the high standard of excellence attained by her class. A densely packed hall testified to the appreciation of her townspeople. The soloists were Madame Spada, Miss Ethel Devans, Mr. Philip Newbury, and Mr. Charles Copland.

Mr. T. A. Barrett.

AN AFTERNOON'S CHAT.

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(From a photograph by S. J. Barrett, Oxford Street, Manchester.)

I FOUND the genial director of the Manchester St. James's Hall Concerts at his residence, and having intimated that my business was to obtain a few particulars of his life and work, he said:

"Let us go upstairs to my sanctum, where, like conspirators, we can discuss alone and without fear of interruption."

The door of Mr. Barrett's "den" having closed, I interrogated him as follows:

"Were you born in Manchester, Mr. Barrett?"

"Oh no, I am a Southport lad by birth, but my work is all Manchester. But, I say, don't let us get to discoursing the usual dry-as-dust chestnuts, about 'crawling out of his cradle and laying the piano before he could walk,' etc. No one cares to read about such matters. Of course you know I was appointed organist and choirmaster of Salford Cathedral before I was fifteen, where I frequently conducted an orchestra of fifty members of Hallé's band at the musical services. After holding this post for over seven years, I accepted a similar position at the Church of the Holy Name, Manchester, which post I still hold."

Mr. Barrett is now but twenty-eight years of age, is a hard worker, and most sincere in musical matters. He is, in addition to his other duties, a song writer of no mean ability. Under the *nom de plume* of Leslie Stuart he has written ballads which have achieved great popularity. But I digress.

"I believe, Mr. Barrett, as a concert-giver you have struck the right note, as it were, in Manchester," said our representative.

"Oh yes," responded Mr. Barrett. "I think I understand the public here pretty well now. But 'twas not ever thus.' Some few years ago I attempted a series of ten concerts at the Free Trade Hall. I lost £200 on the first five—probably through some cause not within my power to prevent—and through the mental strain and the discouragement of the financial failure, I abandoned the series. What I learned then I am using now. I found that while I

could fill the shilling gallery to overflowing to hear high-class artistes and music, I could never get even a fair attendance in the two-shilling and three-shilling seats. It annoyed me much to see people turned away from the doors in the shilling part of the hall, while empty benches remained in the better priced seats. This gave me the impression that a shilling admission was the popular price of almost all classes, and having secured the St. James's Hall—one of the largest halls in the kingdom—I determined upon the shilling admission scheme, and have now no fear of failure. I had some little difficulty at first in getting artistes of the front rank to my way of thinking, but I found them as a rule ignorant of the true state of affairs.

"Do I think the musical tastes very critical? Well, I must say there are many things to suggest the contrary. For instance, not long ago various pianists of great ability and renown visited Manchester, and in no case was there an audience present worthy of the player. And yet a well-known society buffoon absolutely crowded the Free Trade Hall with a recital which, although clever in its way, could not rank in the category of a classical performance. I could give scores of such instances. Of course Sir Charles Hallé's concerts are pointed to as the standard of our musical culture, but I maintain that his concerts are so unique in themselves that they do not furnish any gauge of our musical position. There is such an individuality attached to the concert-giver himself, and such old associations are connected with this institution, that a real musical test in this case is impossible. The majority of his audience attend simply because the concerts are the assembly of the *élite* of the neighbourhood. It is no use trying to believe, because one of Beethoven's symphonies has been heard in respectful silence, that every one in that audience has followed it with pleasure. It has been tolerated for the same reason that causes them to hear the Sunday sermons in their chapels. It does not amuse them, but it is good form; and therefore they go.

"No, I do not think we are progressing in the musical art, for though perhaps a greater number are becoming acquainted with it, how many are there who obtain anything more than a mere elementary knowledge? Our schools offer facilities for learning, it is true, but that does not imply progress. As compared with Continental countries, how do we stand when tested? I would remind you that our representative composer (Sir Arthur Sullivan) found so much profit in composing melodies to such numbers as 'When the Coster's done jumping on his Mother,' that he has only recently realised that he ought to contribute at least one to our yet meagre list of grand operas. He has aforesaid, it is true, made praiseworthy attempts in a right direction, but without prospect of financial success, and that seems to be the governing object of everybody nowadays. Is it not a 'take down' to our professions of musical culture, when we are asked to point out a few of our standard works in musical achievement? Is it not also a common thing to hear the average Briton alluding to 'The Mikado' as one of our musical monuments? And although 'The Mikado' is excellent music in its way, could you imagine a Frenchman claiming 'Madame Angot,' or 'The Grand Duchess,' as the French operatic standard? Another instance of the real vein in which our tastes run, may be found in the fact that the first attempt Sullivan made in the direction of serious opera was in the 'Yeomen of the Guard,' which was, I suppose, the most unsuccessful of the series. And how many people will you find who speak

of him as the composer of the 'Golden Legend'? He is identified in the popular mind with his 'Mikado' and 'Pinafore,' and I am inclined to believe that on the occasion of his visit to Manchester, some time ago, the hall was crowded simply because the people wanted to see the composer of 'Patience,' and not to hear the piece he had come specially to produce."

"Well, if we are deficient in the matter of grand opera composers, what do you say of the present-day songs?" I asked.

"The songs of to-day, I think, are much below the standard of bygone years, and the reason is not far to seek."

Here Mr. Barrett grew warm. "The pernicious royalty system is the barrier to our artistic progress in songs. The most successful are those published by firms who pay eminent vocalists as much as five guineas for every time they sing their songs. One of the favourite ballads of a year or two ago was composed by a gentleman whom I know very well, and who was greatly amused at the popularity of his composition. He confessed to me that he was incompetent to put the pianoforte accompaniment to the melody. (The name of the song was given to our representative.) The publisher doctored the song up, paid an eminent vocalist a large fee to sing it, and so it has had an enormous sale, and to-day finds a place in many drawing-rooms. Publishers must be held responsible for this state of affairs, and so long as this royalty system prevails, I am afraid we shall never discover in our midst a Mozart or Haydn. The promise of a royalty for the composer, and the prospect of hearing his composition whistled in the streets, weigh against inevitable obscurity, and the possible Haydn sacrifices the artistic to the commercial, preferring to accept the notoriety of to-day rather than wait for the glory of to-morrow.

"I might also mention, in passing, that I myself have received more moneys in the form of royalty on a certain song of mine, than Beethoven received from the publishers for his entire Sonatas! I contend, therefore, that the publisher is a main factor in the moulding of our tastes.

"As evidence of the vexatiousness attending this system of royalties, I will give an instance that recently occurred to me. I had written a song for a prominent lady vocalist. I do not claim that it is a masterpiece, but I know that it is a pretty melody, that it attunes a pretty sentiment, and that it is exactly suited to the voice of the singer for whom I wrote it. The lady heard it, was delighted with it, and wanted to sing it; but, like other vocalists in the front rank, she receives a sort of retaining fee from one of the great publishers to sing no new songs except those published by them. That firm, however, declined to publish my song, and therefore I cannot get this particular song sung by the singer for whom I wrote it—not even at my own concert.

"My troubles in this direction are not covered with this one instance. I could give you two or three more, but probably one will suffice, because, you see, the same evil pervades all the lot. But still you must see the effect of all this upon the musical taste of the people. If a great vocalist is under contract to publishers to sing whatever they like to ask, no matter how his or her artistic feelings may revolt against the singing of some of the present-day ballads with a catchy air, he is bound to do it. Then the amateurs will rush to the music-seller's for a copy, always satisfying themselves that if it is "good enough for So-and-So, surely it must be good enough for me."

"But the system largely prevails, and I feel so strongly upon this matter that I have deter-

mined to—well, boycott at my concerts—all the songs published by the firm I hold chiefly responsible for it. I will exercise my right of veto upon the selection of songs, and will see what I can do to break down the monopoly."

"I am afraid you have a rather large matter to deal with," I said.

"Oh yes," responded Mr. Barrett. "But you see I am not afraid of working for a just cause, and the total abolition of musical royalties appears to me to be an object all lovers of music should have at heart."

"And now, Mr. Barrett, do you really think that as a nation we are less critical than formerly?"

"I am afraid so. People are so absorbed now with business worries, that they are not free to study art deeply in any form. They attend a concert merely to listen to something which pleases the ear, without the trouble of analysing what they hear. Then, again, the newspaper critic is left to do the analysing for them, which is by no means a very happy state of affairs. If a public critic says that such and such a singer is not a success, that singer is practically damned until that same critic shall say he has observed an improvement. It is then, and then only, that the public sees the improvement. Mind you, I do not say the public cannot think for themselves; but on the same principle that they send members to Parliament to form their politics for them, so they depute, as it were, the critics to think for them."

"I am afraid I am wearying you with my pessimistic views, but the fact is I feel so strongly on some of these matters, that I cannot help expressing myself at length."

"Not at all, I assure you," I replied, "but I would like to know your views as to the abilities of our local singers."

"I do not think there is a city in England," said Mr. Barrett, "with so much local talent. Certainly the talent is not very high, but that is the fault of the vocalists themselves in a great measure. A first appearance in some little hall meets with the approval of a few friends and admirers, and the singer considers that he has then reached the highest possible point of excellence, and that no further study is necessary, except the arrangement of the engagements that are certain to follow. Disappointment is often the result of some indiscreet encomiums."

"I could tell you many really amusing anecdotes anent the unsophisticated vocalist, but I must have mercy on your space."

I left Mr. Barrett after spending one of the pleasantest afternoons it has ever been my lot to pass. He is a gentleman that it does one good to know.

W. K. M.

Phantom Love.

BY DOROTHY LOWNDES,

Author of "A Very Great Musician."

—:o:—

AM the soul of a waltz-tune—I who tell you this story.

I was born in the brain of a great composer in the sunny land of France, many, many years ago. He was on a visit to his native place, a small village in one of the southern cantons, which he had not seen for over forty years. People change in that space of time, and my composer was unrecognisable by nine host of the inn where he had stayed the night. It was a bright, fair day on which I was born;

the sun shone on the white houses opposite and seemed reflected in mine host's jolly face as he laid the breakfast respectfully on the table, for his guest was a great man, as he knew, though he did not know of his early history.

"Pierre Lubin?" he said, puzzled, in answer to a query of my composer's; "monsieur knew of old Pierre? Ah! monsieur was here many years ago; there have been changes since then! Pierre is imbecile this ten years, monsieur, though he has still the use of his limbs. Wonderful, is it not, at his age! And his daughter—"

"Ay, what of her—Lisette?"

"Dead, monsieur, years ago! The grass is rank on her grave. Anything more for monsieur? No? I trust the breakfast to be to his liking."

He withdrew, but the guest stood still at the window, gazing with far-away eyes at the houses opposite, while the breakfast grew cold on the table.

Dead! and the grass growing rank on her grave! His first love! Boy and girl sweet-hearts in the queer little place which, altered though it was in the forty years which had passed since then, was hardly more so than he. Poor Lisette! It was a pitiful little story of a girl sacrificed to an old and wealthy suitor, and a boy half wild with regret going out to seek the fame and fortune he had found so largely in the world. Probably had it all not taken place he might have sought his fortune later, and found it less easily; yet to-day, with it all brought back to him, for the moment he would have sacrificed all the fame and fortune to be a boy once more with Lisette by his side. What folly! and the grass growing rank on her grave! He crossed the room impatiently to the little piano, and sitting down began to play absently. It was a sad little air, an air with no beginning and no ending, which had grown out of his vague regrets for something lost which could never be regained. Then, from habit, he began to shape it and mould it to a measure, and as it fell into waltz cadence I was born. That is the meaning of the little throb of regret in my principal air; afterwards he completed the whole scheme and gave me other themes (for he never left his work unfinished), and published the waltz under an assumed name, his own being too important to stand to dance music; but he is my composer, and I am the outcome of his first love and its loss.

I have been played in thousands of places, at thousands of times, and have accompanied many tragedies and comedies, but the story I am going to tell you is a favourite of mine, because it began the first time I was played at a ball, and ended while I was still in the zenith of my popularity.

I and the heroine of it made our debut together. It was her first dance, and the excitement of the affair flushed her face and made her eyes brilliant. She was such a beautiful little girl! Beautiful with youth and health and high spirits, added to her more lasting charms of delicately moulded features, shining hair, and big blue eyes which regarded you with eager interest as something new and delightful. All the world was a big story-book to her that night—the room was so beautifully decorated! the lights and music so intoxicating! the men were so kind, and the women so gracious! Life was a fairy-tale and she the princess in it.

"You look as if you had wings to your feet and were longing to be off, Lady Jasmine," somebody said to her, with a kindly glance at her glowing face.

She laughed happily. "I think I am, and I

feel as if I could fly straight into dreamland!" she said.

"Lady Jasmine, may I introduce Captain Marston?" broke in a modulated tone on her raptures.

She looked up to see a dark, handsome man waiting to inscribe his name on her programme, and he looked down with languid interest at the little beauty, whose shy eyes were so evidently admiring his splendid self. The red and gold of the Guards' uniform threw into greater prominence his undoubted good looks; he was a fit hero for an inexperienced girl's day-dreams.

"Shall we dance this?" he said, as the band struck the opening chords of a waltz.

"Oh, yes!" she answered, and then blushed to think how emphatic she had been. But he smiled under his heavy moustache, as he put his arm round her and guided her into the throng.

"You like dancing?" he asked, and his tone was much as it might have been to a child to whom he had said: "You like toys? or sweets?"

"This is my first dance," she explained with a sigh of content. Her hand lay half fearfully on the scarlet sleeve; it was quite wonderful to her to be so close to that splendid uniform. And my tender refrain floated out to them, and set the rhythm for the tread of their feet.

They danced together many times that night; Captain Marston shook off his usual *insouciance* sufficiently to devote himself to an unusual extent to the little debutante, whose intense enjoyment seemed to infect him.

"That was lovely!" she said, as towards the end of the evening they ensconced themselves in a small alcove after a long waltz, which (contrary to his usual custom) they had danced up to the last bars. "That was lovely—but I liked our first waltz best."

"Would you like it again?" he asked. "I have another dance with you before your chaperone takes you away. Would you like our first waltz to be also our last?"

"Oh, so much!" she answered. "And will you find out the name of it for me?"

She watched him a little later as he made his way up the room with a long cavalry swing, and thought how grand he was, and how unlike anyone else she had ever known. As a matter of fact he was only a little handsomer and a little worse than the other men she danced with that night, but women rarely judge fairly under five and twenty.

"What is the name of the waltz?" he asked.

"Phantom Love!" returned the bandmaster with a congratulatory smile, for he took the question as a proof of my success.

Captain Marston returned to his partner.

"There is our waltz!" he said, as once more my strains floated down the ball-room. "And I have found out the name."

"Yes?" she answered.

He looked down with passing regret into the dreaming eyes and happy face, as he answered, "Phantom Love!"

"Phantom Love," she repeated softly; "I shall not forget." But the words had no meaning for her then.

I was the most popular waltz of that season, and I think I was played at all the dances which Lady Jasmine attended, and they were numerous. She was a foolish little girl, and sentimental too. If Captain Marston were not present—he generally contrived to be—she would not dance with anyone else to "Phantom Love." She had quite a passage of arms one night with a partner whose zeal was greater than his discretion.

"I am very sorry, Sir Humphrey," she said

with dignity, when she had declined three times, "but I do not wish to dance this."

"But you are not engaged?" he pleaded, and the boyish voice was very coaxing, but it did not affect his hard-hearted divinity.

"I prefer to sit if out," she said, in a tone which forbade further discussion. He lingered a minute, gazing at her with reluctant admiration as she leant back in her seat, swaying the ostrich feathers in her hand to and fro, to and fro, with aggravating unconcern. At last he bowed slightly and turned away, and as he did so someone came up to Jasmine's side, and a low voice said: "This is our waltz—come!"

"I did not know you were here, Captain Marston," she exclaimed, turning startled eyes to the face bent over her.

"I have only just arrived. I am glad I am in time," he answered carelessly. "Come, we are losing half of it."

She rose as obediently as a child, and seemed to glide naturally into his arms; and Sir Humphrey had the pleasure of seeing them fly past him a moment later, too engrossed to even notice the sudden anger and pain with which he regarded them.

He was an eligible *parti*, this boy-lover of Jasmine's, and her people looked upon him kindly. As to her small ladyship, she regarded poor Humphrey no more than the great bouquets he was always sending her, and which she seldom deigned to carry. She did not ask herself questions, or acknowledge why it was that she had such an aversion to him, but lived in absolute happiness in the present, which was chiefly composed for her of a pair of dark eyes and a dangerous wooing voice.

The ending of her dreams came with the ending of the season. Sir Humphrey pressed his suit with her parents and guardians, who very kindly and gently, of course, pressed their desires on the unwilling girl.

"You must marry" was enforced on her morning, noon and night; "and Sir Humphrey is rich and young and suitable—altogether it will be an excellent match."

"But I do not want to marry him," pleaded the poor child.

"Oh yes, you do," was the indulgent answer. "At least, I suppose you don't want to be left an old maid. By the way, your friend Captain Marston is just engaged, so there will be two important weddings in the autumn. It is a very old affair, a kind of childish betrothal to a cousin, partly mixed up with the estates, but is only just officially announced."

Jasmine looked up quietly.

"I will marry Sir Humphrey if I must," she said gently, "and if he is content with my—liking;" and only the puzzled pain in the blue eyes said anything more.

And when Sir Humphrey next appeared radiant, she tried to be brave and unconcerned, and not to shrink and shudder from his impetuous wooing.

"I am a little tired, and shall be glad when we leave town," she said with soft haste, when he commented anxiously on her white face. "That is all, really all!" in an agony lest he should observe anything further.

"But, my darling—"

"Please leave me now, Humphrey. We shall meet you at Mrs. Richards' to-night, and—and I want to lie down," with a note of weary pain in the sweet tones.

He went then, with many last words and caresses, which the girl took in unresponsive silence, standing quiet and still till the door closed after him—a most unmelodramatic little figure, with only her deep eyes to tell of what she was suffering.

She drew a soft sighing breath as his footsteps

died away, and then, sitting down to the piano, dropped her hands listlessly on to the keys. She did not play a funeral march, or even a dirge in the minor: she only played a dreamy waltz air, such as you have heard hundreds of times, and wondered at the thrill, half pain, half pleasure, with which it touched you.

And then suddenly she ceased, her hands dropped from the keys, leaving the air unfinished—she had only played a few bars. And that was the requiem to the "Phantom Love" she had been pursuing.

Do you ever wonder, you who listen to the dreamy throbbing of waltz music, what memories it wakes in the hearts of some of its hearers? We most of us have our "Phantom Love" waltz, inexpressibly regretful, and whose bitterest pang lies in the fact that the sorrow sounds too light and vague to be taken seriously. But the comedies of life are so often far more terrible than the tragedies.

DOROTHY LOWNDES.

Music in Berlin.

—:o:—

It was very appropriate that Dr. Hans von Bülow should appear at his old post and direct the last Philharmonic Concert this season. His recent illness does not seem to have impaired his intellectual or physical vigour, for his interpretations on this occasion were quite equal to those which we are accustomed to have from him. The programme was an interesting one, consisting entirely of symphonic works. They were: Haydn's C minor, Brahms' F major, Beethoven's B flat major symphonies. The Brahms symphony was played especially well, the warm colouring of the orchestration and the colossal architectural dimensions being brought out most clearly. The scherzo was received with such favour that Bülow repeated it. After the concert the audience naturally recalled their favourite conductor again and again, and it was evident from the manner the people crowded around the platform that a speech was wanted. Bülow, comprehending this, and being rather fond of speech-making, gratified the audience with these few words: "Permit me to take for granted that the enthusiasm shown this evening is, in the first place, an appreciation of the splendid achievements of the orchestra, and also an amnesty for my past extravagances." Herr von Bülow is announced as director for next season's series of Philharmonic Concerts.

The appearance of Anton Rubinstein at the Opera House as director of his own works attracted a large and enthusiastic audience. The first part of the programme was given up to Rubinstein, and he produced his F major Symphony and the Andante from his Violin Concerto, the solo part having been given by Concertmeister Strauss very finely. In regard to Rubinstein's works produced on this occasion, one must admit that the music is characteristic, and at times very delightful and genial. It has not, however, the substance in it to warrant a long existence, and, in fact, there is little of the immense literature that Rubinstein has produced, especially of the larger works, that may be classed among standard musical works. The second part of the programme was the production of Mozart's Requiem Mass, under the direction of Capellmeister Weingartner. This excellent conductor produced, at the *IX. Sinfonie Abend* of the Opera House orchestra, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in a most splendid manner. The concert was such a success that another was given, repeating the Ninth Symphony. Herr Weingartner has accepted the position of conductor at the Munich Royal Opera House. He was offered the position of Director of the Orchestral Society in Glasgow, and also the Symphony Orchestra in Boston.

The Sing Akademie Society produced Bach's Passion music to St. Matthew and St. John. Both performances were excellent, as is always the case with this society, the oldest in Berlin. The Sterns Singing Society gave also the Passion music to St. Matthew, and although the work of the soloists was

excellent, the performance as a whole was not equal to the standard of this splendid chorus.

The élite of Berlin crowded the Sing Akademie Hall to hear their favourite, Eugen d'Albert, in his "Beethoven Abend." His programme consisted of the "Waldstein Sonate," the "Appassionata," Op. 109 and 110.

Another piano evening which created considerable interest was that of Fräulein Gulyas, playing the *Janko Piano*. This recent invention has certainly made a great deal of progress, and on account of its many advantages and good qualities may, in the course of a few years, become quite general in use. Fräulein Gulyas is from Vienna, and displayed a remarkable command over the instrument, her renderings of Chopin's B minor Scherzo and the "Carnival" of Schumann being very artistic.

Sarasate gave two concerts at the Philharmonic, assisted by Madame Bertha Marx. The first concert included Raff's first Sonata, and Goldmark's suite for violin and piano. The second concert included Bruch's second Violin Concerto, and Saint Saëns' C minor Piano Concerto. Sarasate seems to have lost none of his vigour, and his purity of intonation and sweetness of tone is as delightful as ever. Madame Marx's playing of the Saint Saëns concerto lacked brilliancy, and her Chopin playing was entirely devoid of poetry.

The Pariser Trio, consisting of Madame Breitner-Haft, M. Breitner, and M. Bronchini, gave two chamber music evenings at the Bechstein Hall, giving most excellent performances of the French and German composers. It would, however, have been very interesting had this excellent trio brought out some more recent works of the younger French composers.

At Kroll's Theatre, the celebrated prima donnas, Emma Nevada and Minnie Hauck, have appeared with less success than was expected. The engagement for a short season has been announced of Signorina Bellincioni at Kroll's, and also as Santuzza at the Grand Opera House.

BEROLINENSIS.

Music in Frankfort-on-Maine.

—:o:—

Last month (March) Frau Joachim gave a very interesting series of "Liederabende." At the first the programme contained representative "National Songs from the Fifteenth Century to the Present Time;" at the second, "Songs in Aria Form from the Seventeenth Century till the Time of Beethoven." On the third evening the programme was divided into three parts: Part I., "The German Lied to the beginning of the Nineteenth Century;" Parts II. and III., "The Ballad" and "The Romance." The fourth and last evening consisted of "German Lieder since the time of Schubert." Frau Joachim's artistic rendering of her interesting programmes was followed with great attention, more especially by the many singing students who were amongst her audience.

A delightful concert was given on March 13 by the Lehrerverein, the best of the many choirs in Frankfort. The programme began with an "Alleluja," by Tincl, for men's voices and organ, a work which is perhaps suitable rather to a church than a concert-room. Amongst other choruses, many of which were sung *à capella*, must be mentioned Schubert's charming "Gondelfahrer," Humperdinck's "Lehnmanns Abschied," Kreutzer's "Märznacht," and Södermann's "Bröllopmarsch," which were sung to perfection. Mr. Frederic Lamond and a young violinist, Fräulein Frida Scotta, who had not previously appeared on a Frankfort platform, were the soloists at this concert. Mr. Lamond played Chopin's F sharp major Impromptu and Polonaise in A flat, Liszt's "Liebestraum," and "Tarantella" from "Venezia et Napoli," with great brilliancy. Fräulein Scotta, who comes from Copenhagen, has great technical ability and a pure, full tone. She played Saint-Saëns' "Introduction and Rondo capriccioso," Thomé's "Andante religioso," and Sarasate's "Zigeunerweisen" charmingly, and was enthusiastically applauded.

The last chamber-music concert was perhaps the

most enjoyable of the series, Brahms' Clarinet Quintet in B minor, Beethoven's Sonatas for Pianoforte and Violoncello in D and C major, and Mozart's Clarinet Quintet, forming the programme. The usual artists were assisted by Herr Mühlfeld (clarinet) from Meiningen, and Herr Kwast (piano)—the clarinet-playing of the former being remarkable for beauty of tone and expression.

The work chosen for the last concert given this season by the Rühl'scher Gesangverein was Handel's "Joshua." The choral numbers were given with great precision, and the soloists—Frau Wilhelmy, Fräulein Huhn, Herrn Vogl and Greif—rendered their parts admirably. Fräulein Huhn, who possesses a fine alto voice, was on this occasion heard for the first time in Frankfurt.

The sixth Opera-House concert was conducted by Dr. Rottenberg, who had been appointed opera director in the place of Herr Dessoff. The orchestra played the Overture to "Benvenuto Cellini" (Berlioz), Variations on a Theme of Haydn's (Brahms), and gave a fine performance of Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, which formed the second part of the concert. Herr Willy Hess played Bruch's First Concerto in good style, and as solos the adagio from Spohr's Eleventh Concerto, and a Mazurka by Zarzycki, the latter being encored.

At the last Museum's Concert both D'Albert and his talented wife appeared, the former as conductor, the latter as pianist. Frau D'Albert-Carreño played D'Albert's Second Concerto, Andante favori (Beethoven), Impromptu in A flat (Schubert), and Marche Militaire (Schubert-Tausig), with the most dazzling success, her marvellous technical power, combined with her beautiful tone and artistic feeling, rousing her audience to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. The orchestra played Mendelssohn's "Melusina" Overture, Wagner's Venusberg Bacchanale from "Tannhäuser," and ended the concert with a glorious rendering of the "Eroica" Symphony.

On Good Friday Bach's St. Matthew Passion-music was given as usual by the Cäcilien-Verein. The choruses were finely sung, and the solos well given by Fräuleins Nathan and Haas, Herren Kaufmann, Hildach and Müller.

A work which had not previously been heard in Frankfurt, Schütz's St. Matthew Passion-music, was introduced to the public by Professor Stockhausen, the performance taking place, curiously enough, on the Sunday after Easter. This interesting work was preceded by Schubert's Easter Cantata, "Lazarus." The choruses were sung by the members of Stockhausen's Singing-School, and the solos by Fräuleins Nathan and Keller, Herren Kaufmann and Sistermans, former pupils of the Professor. He was unable to conduct on this occasion, his place being taken by his brother, the Director of the Strasburg Conservatorium.

On April 10 a very enjoyable concert was given by the Frankfurt Trio. It began with the Sonata in B for pianoforte and violoncello (Mendelssohn), played by Herr Kwast and Professor Cossmann; then followed four pianoforte pieces—"Skizze," "Studie," "Fantasiestück," and "Walzer"—by Kwast, performed by the composer, and the programme ended with Beethoven's beautiful Trio, Op. 7, in E flat.

Music in Salisbury.

ALTHOUGH concerts have been few and far between here during the season just closing, there is a prospect of improvement in the future. A new society is being formed, under the title of the Salisbury Philharmonic Society, for the purpose of giving periodical forces of vocal and instrumental music, Mr. Alfred Foley being the conductor, and Mr. F. L. Bartlett, leader. A choir and orchestra, which will probably form the nucleus of this society, appeared at a concert in the County Hall on Wednesday the 15th, making a most successful first appearance. A number of part-songs were sung with considerable delicacy and finish, and a selection of instrumental music, including Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony, and Mendelssohn's "Cornelius" March, was equally well rendered. Madame Newling,

a very popular vocalist in Salisbury, was engaged for the occasion, and her songs, with others contributed by several local amateurs, made up a capital programme. Much credit is due to Mr. Foley for the excellence of the concert, and it is hoped that his enterprise in endeavouring to fill an undoubted blank will, in the future, be rewarded with success.

The Sarum Choral Society, the only mature organisation of the kind in the city, commenced its forty-fifth season on the 11th, with a splendid performance of the late Sir G. A. Macfarren's oratorio, "King David." This work was quite a revelation to many who listened to it for the first time. Its many beauties fairly captivated the audience, and all concerned in its interpretation—choir, orchestra, and soloists—did excellent service. Mr. South, the conductor of the society, had trained his forces well, the result being that the choral numbers were, without exception, finely rendered. The principal vocalists, Miss Lilian Redfern, Miss Edith Hands, Mr. Lewis Thomas, and Mr. Lucas Williams, were the best we have heard for years at these concerts, and fulfilled their somewhat trying tasks in a most satisfactory manner. It should be mentioned that Miss Gwenllian Williams was the harpist, and played throughout in charming style.

W. B.

Music in Manchester.

GOOD FRIDAY was celebrated with a particularly fine performance of Handel's grand masterpiece, "The Messiah," under the auspices of the newly-formed orchestral association. The soloists, Miss Hilda Wilson, Miss Medora Henson, Mr. Henry Piercy, and Mr. Norman Salmon, were in capital voice. Although the last-named gentleman had not previously been heard here in oratorio, his rendering of the bass solos was in every way satisfactory. The choruses were efficiently given by a choir of about 300 voices. The orchestra, which was conducted by the President of the association, Sir Charles Hallé, left nothing to be desired. The only matter for regret was the somewhat limited patronage of the public in the higher-priced seats, the only reason I can give for this being the delightful weather prevailing at the time.

The annual distribution of certificates to the local students of the Incorporated Society of Musicians was held on Thursday, March 23, in the Manchester Town Hall. In the absence of the Mayor (who had promised to preside, but whose engagements prevented his attendance), Mr. Edward Chadfield, the general secretary of the society, occupied the chair. The annual report was again a most satisfactory one. The total number of candidates in the north-western section of the society, of which Manchester was the principal examination centre, was 859, of whom 661 passed or obtained honours, 153 failed, and 35 were absent. The total number of candidates from Manchester itself was 490, of whom 400 obtained certificates, 76 failed, and 14 were absent. The certificates were afterwards distributed by Mrs. Marsden.

The fourth concert of the Vocal Society, on Wednesday, March 22, was probably the pleasantest of the season. The programme contained no fewer than eight numbers by local composers. These were:

Part-song ... "O Mistress Mine" ... Dr. C. Hall.
Part-song ... "Hymn to the Virgin" ... G. H. Fogg.
Part-song ... "A Song of the Seasons" ... F. De Jong.
Mass ... "Kyrie and Gloria" ... G. F. Wrigley.
Cantata ... "Prayer and Adoration" ... Dr. Watson.
Song ... "An Evening Song" ... Dr. Hiles.
Song ... "The Vales of Arklow" ... T. A. Barrett.
Quartet ... "Of a' the Airts" ... W. Shore (dec.).

Dr. Watson's cantata, which takes about twenty minutes in execution, is a very pretty and tuneful work. The part-songs are of a fair order of merit; and the songs are equal to the ordinary concert-room ballads of the day. The more ambitious work of Mr. Wrigley is a valuable addition to church music. The concert, as a whole, gave the utmost satisfaction.

The Athenæum Musical Society, with the assist-

ance of the Orchestral Society, resuscitated on Monday, March 20, Sir Michael Costa's oratorio "Eli." The score contains many beautiful melodies and much clever writing for the orchestra. The choruses were fairly efficiently rendered, and the soloists gave the greatest possible satisfaction.

The Pendleton Choral Union, at their concert on Monday, March 20, contributed several pleasant items (Macfarren's part-song, "The Fairies," among the number) to a most diversified programme. The vocalists were Miss Jennie Sadler and Mr. Stanley Cookson. The rising young pianist, Mr. Frederick Dawson, was enthusiastically received and encored for his brilliant playing.

W. R. M.

Music at Broadstairs.

THE Broadstairs and St. Peter's Choral Society gave a performance of "Judas Maccabæus" on Monday, April 10, with the assistance of some members of the band of the Royal Engineers from Chatham, led by Mr. E. B. Norman. Mr. Donald Lott was at the piano, Mr. T. Russe at the harmonium, and Mr. Harold B. Osmund, organist of St. Peter's, Isle of Thanet, conducted in a spirited yet careful and exact style. He must have felt great satisfaction at the response he obtained from the choir—the result, no doubt, of earnest rehearsal work. Except that now and again the sopranos were uncertain in their lead, not round enough in tone, and that the tenors were outweighed by the basses, the choruses went excellently well. The soloists—Miss Florence Monk, Miss Helen Saunders, Mr. Oldroyd, and Mr. Alfred B. Osmund—gave acceptable renderings of their parts; commendation and admiration being specially due to Miss Monk for her fine phrasing, and Mr. Osmund for his good intonation. Certainly the Broadstairs and St. Peter's Choral Society may give themselves a good mark for last Monday's performance, and the audience should encourage such work by asking for another concert at a near date.

Music in Becklade.

THINGS (musical) are moving in Lechlade. There has been a choral society formed. A "Reverend" is the conductor, another reverend is a bass soloist, members of the church choir form an important part of the choral force, and they dare to perform "The Messiah" in the church! And, moreover, Lechlade has a reporter—a musical critic I suppose he should be called—who can rise to the occasion. To him and his deeds I may refer at a later date: now I wish only to record the fact that "The Messiah" performance on April 15 was in every way a success. The soprano soloist, Miss Teresa Blamy, a scholar of the London Academy of Music, made a reputation in the district by her splendid renderings of "Come unto Him," "Rejoice greatly," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The other soloists also did well. Mr. Perkins (Birmingham) took the organ, and the Rev. F. Adams was an efficient conductor.

Music in Wandsworth.

THE general meeting of the Choral Society was held on Tuesday, April 11, and the balance sheet showed that the financial condition is more satisfactory than ever. The meetings will be resumed in October next, but the works to be studied are not yet, I believe, decided on.

R.

Foreign Notes.

MDLLE. JANOTHA has received from the Empress Frederick of Germany an intimation of the acceptance of the dedication of a new gavotte from her pen.

THE tenor De Lucia has received an invitation to sing at the royal concert to be given in the Quirinal, in honour of the German Emperor and Empress. Queen Margaret wishes that her Imperial guests should hear the sweetest of Italy's singers.

THE death is announced at Orvieto, at the ripe age of seventy-nine, of Signor Raffaele Mancinelli, father and first instructor in music of the popular conductor of the Royal Italian Opera.

AT a benefit concert recently given at the Naval Academy at Kiel, the Emperor of Germany's younger brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, distinguished himself as a violinist, in which capacity he took part in all the orchestral performances.

HERR FELIX WEINGARTNER, the conductor of the Berlin Opera House, is a fortunate person. According to a German musical paper, he has had three important posts offered to him—the conductorship of the new Glasgow orchestra, of the German opera at Covent Garden, and of the famous Boston orchestra. For the truth of this we cannot vouch, but it would be good news to hear that so distinguished a musician had accepted the Covent Garden *bâton*.

IT is a strange fact that two Italian composers should, unknown to each other, have hit upon the same subject for a new opera. Signor Leoncavallo, the author of "I Pagliacci," is writing a new opera, "La Bohème." Signor Puccini is writing one with the same name, his libretto being taken from Henri Murger's "Scenes de la Vie de Bohème," and written by the poet Giacosa and the dramatist Illica. Leoncavallo generally writes his own librettos. No one knew of his work except Maurel, for whom the *role* of Schaunard was intended, and Signora Fraudin, who is to sing the Musette.

A SYMPHONY by an English composer, Mr. Percy Sherwood, has been produced at the Dresden Gewerbehäuser with apparently much success, the Dresden *Anzeiger* speaking of the work in very complimentary terms. Mr. Sherwood is a professor in the Conservatorium, and conductor of the Gesangverein in the Saxon capital.

LITTLE Raoul Koczalski, the juvenile prodigy of whose recent successes at Berlin I have already spoken, has received from the German Emperor the title of Court Pianist; and as he is yet only eight years of age, he is probably the youngest performer who has ever been accorded that distinction. The little man, it seems, was recently seated at the Berlin Opera House, in a box opposite to that of the Kaiser, and wearing some orders of the minor German States. So extensively decorated a young gentleman attracted the Emperor's attention, and Koczalski was presented. He afterwards played at the Palace before the Emperor and his children, and the honorary title of Hof-Pianist followed.

My Vienna correspondent writes: "Rubinstein has a passion for oratorios which is unparalleled. Oceans of critical cold water produce no effect upon it. He is now hard at work at a new oratorio, the title of which he has already fixed upon as well as some other minor details. It will be called 'Christ,' and the performance will occupy two evenings. The author of the libretto is Bulthaupt, the celebrated

Wagner playwright. The first half of the new oratorio will be ready—so the Maestro hopes, at least—in the course of the coming summer. It will be performed for the first time by the Vienna Academy of Vocal Music."

IT is stated in Vienna that the Scala Company, who will go to the Austrian capital next month to give a series of performances of Verdi's "Falstaff," will receive a sum of £4,000 for the season, the expenses of transport also costing nearly another £1,000. The chorus, however, will not go on tour. The choral portions of "Falstaff" are not important, and they will accordingly be sung by the local choir in German, the other artists, of course, singing in Italian. The sum asked by the Scala "Falstaff" troupe for their appearance in London was, I believe, £400 a night.

A CURIOUS law-suit is occupying the attention of musical people in Vienna. Some time ago a waltz, "Alpine Roses," was published in a daily journal as the work of Ferdinand Holzworth, but with an intimation, sufficiently clear to many, that the composer was the Archduke Karl Ludwig. The piece having been reproduced by a Hungarian journal, the publishing firm of Rosé sued the proprietors of that paper for damages, on the ground that the copyright belonged to them. The defendants, on their part, retorted that no Archduke would ever demean himself to sell his compositions, and asked that Karl Ludwig should be questioned on the point. The publishers objected, producing a certificate of sale from the Archduke's major-domo. Unfortunately that document is dated January, 1893, whereas the alleged unauthorised publication took place in November, 1892. It is a very pretty quarrel.

ONE of the stars of the musical season—which, says my Paris correspondent, has just set in here with more than usual severity—is M. Sarasate, whose concerts, given at the Salle Erard, are literally thronged with artists of every kind. Last evening I noticed among the eager listeners the veteran landscape painter, M. Harpignies, busily sketching the Spanish violinist; and Mr. Whistler, who, although he had no pencil in his hand, was doubtless fixing the same features in his mind's eye. The programme opened with Beethoven's colossal string Quartet in A minor, Op. 132, the exceedingly difficult slow movement of which was superbly interpreted. M. Sarasate was here ably supported by MM. Van Waefelghem and Delsart; while in Rapp's first Grand Sonata for violin and piano he had the invaluable co-operation of M. Diémer. In the strictly classical programme, no concession was made to frivolous or *ad captandum* music.

THERE was a run upon the ticket offices for seats at the production of Rubinstein's "Paradise Lost" in Vienna, and a great financial success resulted. But the critics "cut up" the work most severely. Rhythmic monotony and lack of originality were two of the faults insisted upon. "It is bandmaster's music," said they.

GUSTAVE NADAUD, the French singer, is seriously ill. A Paris correspondent, writing recently, says: "M. Nadaud returned last week to Paris from his villa at Nice, and went to Roubaix, his native town, to see his sister, who lives there. He caught a cold. Nevertheless, he insisted on coming back to Paris to take the chair at the banquet of the 'Lyre Chansonnière.' He was, on his arrival at the Northern terminus, almost at death's door. A travelling companion took him to his house at Passy, where he is now lying, suffering from influenza."

"DER RUBIN," a new opera by Mr. Eugène D'Albert, was produced at the Royal Opera House in Karlsruhe on Saturday, April 15. Mr. D'Albert was formerly Newcastle Scholar at the National Training School for Music at South Kensington—the precursor of the Royal College of Music—and while there he

studied the pianoforte with Mr. Pauer, and harmony and counterpoint with Sir John Stainer, Sir Arthur Sullivan, and Mr. Ebenezer Prout. Some of his orchestral compositions have been heard at the Richter Concerts, and several years ago Mr. D'Albert played at the Popular Concerts. Though born in Glasgow, he has for many years elected to live in Germany.

A Vienna correspondent states that Dr. Hans Richter, the well-known Wagnerian conductor, has tendered his resignation of the post of director of the music at the Imperial Opera there. As he has made failing health the plea, he will be able to leave his post immediately. Before beginning to conduct the rehearsal of the Ninth Symphony for the recent concert of the Philharmonic Society, he informed the musicians that at the next concert he would be conducting them for the last time.

THE directors of the Vienna Opera appear to have seen the mistake they made when they allowed "The Stolen Bride," by Smetana, the charming Czechish opera, to be given in a suburban theatre, instead of putting it on the boards of the Opera House. It has been, and continues to be, such a success that the Opera House has purchased the same composer's "Kiss," also a comic opera, which will be placed in rehearsal without loss of time.

THE first performance in Rome of Verdi's latest opera, "Falstaff," was given at the Costanzi Theatre on April 15, before the King and Queen, the Prince of Naples, the Count of Turin, the Ministers, the Diplomatic Body, and the élite of Roman society. Additional interest was given to the event by the fact that the veteran composer himself was also present. At the close of the first act the house presented a scene of unbounded enthusiasm, Verdi being called before the curtain three times in company with the artistes, and twice alone, amid frantic applause. The reception of the last two acts was no less enthusiastic, Verdi being compelled to appear nine times to bow his acknowledgments. Their Majesties testified their interest and appreciation by summoning Verdi to the royal box to congratulate him, and by remaining until the final fall of the curtain, which did not take place until half-past twelve o'clock. A crowd collected afterwards outside Verdi's hotel and gave him a renewed ovation, in response to which the composer twice appeared on the balcony and thanked the people.

MDLLE. CLOTILDE KLEEBERG, who has come to London for the season, gave the second of her recitals in Paris on April 9. The talented young pianist introduced a series of so-called "Poems Sylvestres," composed expressly for her by M. Théodore Dubois. In these new "Songs Without Words," as in all the other pieces on her varied programme, Mdle. Kleeborg produced a great impression on an audience which comprised most of the pianists now in Paris.

THE publication of an early one-act opera by Rubinstein is announced by the Leipzig firm of B. Senff. The work is entitled "Die Sibirischen Jäger," and is founded on a Russian legend. It was originally produced at Weimar in 1854, with a German version of the libretto by Peter Cornelius.

AT a recent concert in Paris, the programme of which was devoted entirely to new works by young French composers, one of the most successful numbers was a setting of a translation of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel," for chorus, orchestra, and solos, the composition of M. A. Debussy, a former *prix de Rome* of the Paris Conservatoire. The work is highly spoken of by the French critics.

Le Ménestrel announces that Frau Wagner attempts to obtain an extension of the time during which she retains the performing rights of "Parsifal"

in Austro-Hungary have been so far successful that, pending the Parliamentary discussion of the proposed change in the law, the rights in question are to remain the sole property of Wagner's heirs for two years longer. According to the existing law the performing rights would have expired this year, which would have enabled "Parsifal" to have been performed at Vienna and elsewhere.

* * *

A NAPLES correspondent writes: "In company with an old friend of the artiste, I have paid a visit to Signor Fernando de Lucia, the celebrated tenor, who lives in an apartment, his own property, in a palace at the beginning of Via Roma, and very near the San Carlo. With dramatic presentation he told us of his disputes with the theatrical management, of his early learning of the contrabasso at the Royal College of Music when a boy, and the lessons for his later singing which he obtained from studying the notes produced on its strings, of his adherence to his own instinctive training of his wonderful voice in opposition to the teachings of his masters when he came to learn the art. He told us of his military service, when for many months he carried the big drum 'upon his stomach,' and when, procuring a common shepherd's pipe, he tuned by its A all the old instruments of the regimental band. Very often, while talking, he ran to the pianoforte, and singing a phrase from some opera in the style generally taught by singing masters, repeated it in his own expressive caressing manner to show the difference. Even the learned professor who was present declared that he had received a precious practical lesson from those impromptu illustrations of the tenor's meaning. Then taking down a photograph, framed in silver, Signor de Lucia showed us the signature—that of Queen Victoria, written by her own hand, with the date of July, 1892. The photograph represents the Queen as she was then, and is a very pleasing one. It was presented to the singer Lucia after the performance at Windsor Castle."

Forthcoming Events.

—:07—

MASTER JEAN GERARDY, the violoncellist, who has had a prosperous tour in Germany and Holland, has arranged with Mr. Daniel Mayer to be in London during the season. He will arrive on May 1.

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MISS MARGARET MACINTYRE, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. J. Sandbrook Lane have all been engaged, through Mr. Daniel Mayer, for the Welsh National Eisteddfod, which is to be held next August in Pontypridd.

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SIR CHARLES and Lady Hallé have kindly promised their services at the concert which will be given by the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society, at St. James's Hall, on the 9th proximo, in aid of the Chelsea Hospital for Women.

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A SECOND festival of chamber music will commence at Bonn on May 10, and will last five days, the main object being the inauguration of the Beethoven Museum in the composer's birthplace, which has been long in preparation. Among those who will take part in the performances are Herr Joachim, Mr. Eugène D'Albert, Herr Reinecke, Madame Carreno, and the Viennese Rosé Quartet.

* * *

SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS has made arrangements to send out early in the autumn a first-class company of Italian artists, with a splendid orchestra and chorus, to the seven largest towns, viz., Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, Newcastle, Manchester, Dublin, and Birmingham. It is proposed to have season tickets for each week, which should form a sort of little musical jubilee in each town. The same company will afterwards then return to Covent Garden Theatre until Christmas.

At the Birmingham Festival next year we are, it seems, to hear a posthumous cantata by the late Goring Thomas, based upon Mrs. Hemans' "The Swan and the Skylark." It was promised by the composer for the last Festival, but illness prevented its completion, and at the time of his suicide the orchestration had barely been commenced. It will now be taken in hand by Dr. Villiers Stanford, who will conduct it.

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DR. A. C. MACKENZIE has selected Verdi's "Falstaff" as the subject of his lectures at the Royal Institution in May. A volume has, by the way, been issued by Treves of Milan concerning this opera, and giving portraits of the composer, librettists, and artists.

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MR. ARNOLD DOLMETSCH has arranged to give three more concerts of viol, lute, and harpsichord music in the hall of Barnard's Inn. They are to take place on the first Tuesday of May, June, and July, and will be devoted respectively to Italian, French, and German music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Mr. Fuller Maitland has promised to play the harpsichord, which will be an additional attraction to connoisseurs.

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At the opening of the Imperial Institute in May bell-ringers brought from various country churches in England will ring fifty changes, and then give one grand peal, which will be the signal for a battery of artillery to fire a salute in Hyde Park. Sir Arthur Sullivan will personally select the members of the orchestra which he is to conduct on the occasion of the opening ceremony.

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THERE is, we learn, every probability that the prodigy pianist, little Koczalski, will make his début in London under Mr. Vert's management this summer. For the last year or two he has been travelling about Germany with great success, and recently in Berlin his recitals have been very crowded. Next winter he will probably visit the United States.

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THE programme of the concert at Cambridge on June 12, in which Messrs. Boito, Saint-Saëns, Tschajkowsky, Grieg, and Bruch will take part, has now been definitely settled. The works to be performed are a new cantata, "East to West," written for the Chicago Exhibition by Professor Stanford; a scene from Max Bruch's "Odysseus"; the prologue to Boito's "Mefistofele"; "Africa," a fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra by Saint-Saëns; and "Francesca da Rimini," a symphonic poem by Tschajkowsky. The solo vocalist in the Bruch and Boito selections will be Mr. Henschel.

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As already announced, there will be no performances at Bayreuth this year, but in the summer of 1894 it is intended to give a series of "Parsifal" and "Tannhäuser," and to produce "Lohengrin" for the first time.

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I AM now enabled to give the dates of the special performances of Wagner's works at Munich in August and September next. They are as follows: "Die Feen," August 13 and 27, and September 10; "Der Fliegende Holländer," August 15 and September 12; "Die Meistersinger," August 17 and September 21; "Das Rheingold," August 20 and September 3; "Die Walküre," August 21 and September 4; "Siegfried," August 23 and September 6; "Götterdämmerung," August 25 and September 8; "Tristan und Isolde," August 29 and September 17, and "Tannhäuser," September 1, 14, and 19. There will also be a complete cycle of "Der Ring der Nibelungen" on September 24, 25, 27, and 29.

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THE great choral gatherings at the Crystal Palace begin on May 13 with that of the Church Sunday School Choirs. In June there will be four gigantic

assemblages—namely, the London School Board, Wednesday, 7th; the Nonconformist Choir Union, Saturday, 17th; the London Sunday Schools, Wednesday, 21st; and the performance of "The Golden Legend" (on Handel Festival scale), Saturday, 24th, with Mr. Manns as conductor. The choral fixtures for July are the National Temperance Choirs; Tuesday, 4th; the Tonic Sol-fa Choirs, Saturday, 15th; and the Catholic Total Abstinence League of the Cross, Monday, 24th. The National Co-operative Festival will be held on Saturday, August 19. With the acquiescence of the principal organizations interested, the arrangements for the Temperance Fête are in the hands of the National Temperance Choral Union. Concerts, supported by 10,000 voices, choral drill, and other contests, are announced.

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THE spring musical season will follow the winter almost without a break. Indeed, we have still two more choral performances to come—"Elijah," by the Royal Choral Society, and one by the Middlesex Choral Union, while the Crystal Palace Concert season will not close till the end of the next month. The Philharmonic Concerts have already begun, the Sarasate Concerts will start on May 13, and the Richter season on June 5. The spring season of opera will commence at Drury Lane on Monday week, the summer season at Covent Garden on May 15, and the Wagner Season at the same house on June 7. Of these I have already given details. June promises to be exceptionally busy, and among our notable visitors during that month will probably be Grieg, Mascagni, Paderewski, and Tschajkowsky.

* * *

THE eighth of the Bristol triennial musical festivals will be held on October 25, 26, 27, and 28, and among its most interesting features must be named Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," Handel's "Samson" (morning), and Berlioz's "Faust" (evening) form the first day's work; Thursday morning's programme will consist of "The Hymn of Praise" and the "Stabat Mater," and there is to be no concert at night; for Friday morning the Schumann Cantata is fixed, and in the evening there will be a lengthy selection from Wagner, including the second and third acts of "The Flying Dutchman." Saturday morning is assigned to "Messiah." As before, Sir Charles Hallé will bring his Manchester band, and the vocalists already engaged are Mesdames Albani, Nordica, Palliser, Butt, and Laudi, Messrs. Edward Lloyd, Ben Davies, Santley, and Black—a strong party.

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THE formal opening of the Beethoven Museum in the house at Bonn where the composer was born will take place on May 10. The chief feature of the ceremony will be the performance of selections from Beethoven's works on five consecutive days. A large number of eminent musicians, among them Dr. Joachim and his Berlin quartette, M. Rosé and his colleagues from Vienna, M. E. D'Albert and Madame Careño from Dresden, and M. Carl Reinecke from Leipzig, have promised to assist in this unique musical fête.

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PROFESSOR STANFORD's new Chicago Exhibition Ode, set to Swinburne's poem, "East to West," will be produced for the first time in public at the Albert Hall on May 10, when it will of course be sung by the Royal Choral Society. As it is a comparatively brief work, it will precede the performance of "Elijah," for which, by the way, Miss Palliser has been engaged in place of Madame Nordica, who is still successfully touring in the United States.

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THE Männergesangverein of Vienna will celebrate their fiftieth anniversary next month, and they have succeeded in securing the consent of Brahms to compose an Ode specially for the occasion. Other works—of course, for male voices only—will be expressly composed by Rubinstein, Bruckner, and Goldmark.

MR. A. J. HIPPINS, of Broadwood's, an acknowledged authority upon ancient keyboard instruments, has volunteered to play Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue upon a clavichord, on July 4, at one of the summer concerts to be given by Mr. Dolmetsch in the quaint old hall of Barnard's Inn. The whole of the very interesting programme will be devoted to Bach's music, played on the instruments of the composer's own day, including the Prelude in C minor for lute, a sonata for violin, harpsichord, and viol da gamba, and some movements from a Suite in D for violoncello piccolo—or viola pímposa, a five-stringed instrument, now quite obsolete. The concerts on May 9 and June 6 will be devoted respectively to the half-forgotten works of Italian and French composers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

"Judas Maccabæus" at Bournemouth.

THE Bournemouth Choral and Orchestral Society, under the conductorship of Dr. Lemare, gave two grand performances of Handel's "Judas Maccabæus" on Friday the 7th ult., in the Shaftesbury Hall. The audiences, especially in the afternoon, were not so large as might have been expected, but, musically speaking, the concerts were very successful. The chorus, numbering about a hundred voices, gave evidence of much careful training, and sang with vigour and commendable precision, the tone of the basses being particularly fine. The solos were carefully sung by Miss Annie Skinner, Miss Reeks (pupil of Dr. Lemare), Miss Clara Spencer, L.R.A.M., Mr. Alfred Kenningham, and Mr. Fred Bevan, and the accompaniments were satisfactorily played by the band under the leadership of Signor Bertoucin. The people of Bournemouth should not fail to appreciate Dr. Lemare's efforts to provide them with high-class concerts of this kind.

Music in Glasgow.

THE last of Messrs. Harrison's Subscription Concerts was given in St. Andrew's Halls on the 16th March. There was a large audience, and deservedly so. Sir Charles and Lady Hallé, being the principal attraction, were assisted by Madame Sherwin, Miss Alice Hill, and Messrs. Norman Salmond and Philip Newbury. Lady Hallé played to perfection Tartini's Sonata, better known as the "Devil's Trill"; also a composition by Piatti, and Bazzini's "Rondes des Lutins," and, in conjunction with Sir Charles, a duet for pianoforte and violin by Dvorák. Sir Charles also contributed Schumann's Novelette in F, Arabesque in C, and Liszt's transcription of the Spinning Chorus from the "Flying Dutchman." He was encored, and gave a valse of Chopin's. Madame Sherwin sang the air from "Philemon and Baucis" in a brilliant manner, and Schubert's "Young Nun." Miss Hill, who is new to Glasgow, made a good impression in Mozart's "Violet." Norman Salmond's fine organ had good scope in Handel's florid "Sorge infausta." Mr. Newbury maintained his reputation, and was encored. Mr. Watkis was thoroughly satisfactory in the accompaniments.

The same evening, in the City Hall, the Eastern Choral Society gave Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen" and a selection. Mr. Geo. Taggart conducted.

The penultimate of the Strachan Organ Recitals was given in St. Andrew's Halls on the afternoon of Saturday, the 18th March. An immense audience assembled to greet Mons. Guilmant, the celebrated French organist, who is happily now no stranger here. His principal items on the grand organ were: Fantasia and Fugue in G minor (Bach), Scherzo from Lemmens' Organ Symphony, Canon in F major (Salomé); also various of his own compositions, including the Prayer and Cradle Song, Fugue in D major, and improvisation on a given theme. All were

given in his usual incomparable style, and so pleased his large audience that he had to play several items over again. Miss MacLachlan contributed three songs, the most satisfactory being "The Soul's Awakening" (G. P. Haddock).

On the evening of the 23rd, Dr. Joachim, Signor Piatti, Miss Fanny Davies, and Miss Bertha Moore appeared at the last of the series of Choral Union Concerts. There was a large and brilliant audience, which completely filled St. Andrew's Hall. The abilities of these artists are so well-known to your readers that it is only necessary to say that the performance of each was as near perfection as one will get in this sublunary sphere. The programme contained Brahms' Trio in B major, and Haydn's Trio in C (No. 3), which were admirably played. Dr. Joachim also gave the adagio from Bruch's Concerto, Signor Piatti played Locatelli's Sonata in D major, and Miss Fanny Davies showed her capabilities in Mendelssohn's Fantasia in F sharp. Miss Bertha Moore gave three songs, and got a very flattering reception.

The new hall and theatre in connection with the Athenæum School of Music was opened on the 24th by a conversation and concert. There was a large and influential gathering. Sir James King, Bart., in a graceful and pointed address, performed the opening ceremony. A short concert followed, which tested the acoustic properties of the building, and proved very satisfactory. The week following, the opera of the "Golden Cross," by Ignaz Brüll, was given on four consecutive evenings, all the parts being filled by students of the Academy, and to the entire satisfaction of the large audiences which filled the theatre each evening. Mr. Allan Macbeth, principal, conducted, and is to be congratulated on the success of the performances, and also on the high position this institution now holds in the city.

The Philomel Club gave three performances of Sullivan's "Princess Ida" in the Queen's in the week commencing 20th March. The principals were much the same as in former years, and their efforts were much applauded by their patrons. Mr. T. W. Hoeck conducted.

Mr. and Mrs. And. Black gave a vocal and pianoforte recital in the new Athenæum Hall on the 27th March. The concert was most enjoyable, there not being a dull or indifferent item in the programme, and the reception accorded to both artists was very hearty.

The Glasgow Quartet gave a concert on the 28th March, and also on the 11th April. At the latter Mr. P. E. Halstead assisted, and played, in conjunction with M. Sons, Beethoven's Sonata in G; also in Rheinberger's Quartet in E flat for violin, viola, cello and piano. The attendance was not what the performance merited.

The Amateur Orchestral Society (Mr. T. W. Hoeck, conductor) gave their third concert in the Queen's Rooms on the 14th April. Mr. Halstead and Mr. Theodor A. Hoeck played Mozart's Concerto for two pianos, accompanied by the full orchestra. The bright character of the music pleased a large audience. The other items by the orchestra were Oliver King's overture, "Among the Pines," Gounod's Symphony in D (not often heard), and three dances from E. German's Heavy 8 Music. The performance all through was highly satisfactory, and each appearance shows material advancement in playing together, a habit which amateurs find difficult to acquire. Mr. J. S. Martin, whose voice is of a sympathetic quality, sang artistically "Serenade" (Birch), and a song of Dr. Park's, and was recalled.

Notes from Leeds.

THE musical season of Leeds is now at an end, and during the last few weeks little has occurred to chronicle. The most noteworthy concert was the last in the series of the Leeds Philharmonic Society on March 22, when a programme at once interesting and varied in its musical styles was gone through. Dr. Parry's Leeds Festival "Ode to St. Cecilia's Day" was the first work

chosen, followed by Dr. Stanford's "Battle of the Baltic." These, in addition to Bennett's overture "The Naiades," and a duet for Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, completed the first part. The remainder of the concert was devoted to Mendelssohn's "First Walpurgis Night," in which the chorus was heard to better advantage than in its earlier work, and which went excellently well, the principals—Mrs. and Mr. Henschel, Mrs. A. Broughton, and Mr. Edwin Houghton—fulfilling their share of the work to everyone's satisfaction.

The Leeds Amateur Operatic and Dramatic Society is nothing if not plucky. For the cause of the Leeds charities this society hired the Grand Theatre for a week, beginning on April 10, and produced Lecocq's opera, "La Fille de Madame Angot," under the conductorship of Mr. G. R. Waithman. The opera came as a novelty to many of the large audiences which assembled, and was given so well as to compare quite favourably with the many travelling companies which affect light opera of the French school. The parts were filled as follows: Mademoiselle Lange, Miss Rhoda Billington; Clairette Angot, Mrs. James Wilson; Larivandiere, Mr. R. P. Oglesby; Pomponnet, Mr. W. Wright; Louchard, Mr. A. Porrit; Ange Pitou, Mr. G. Riley and Mr. A. F. Briggs, on alternate nights.

At his last concert on March 20, Mr. Christensen produced his new cantata, "Kenilworth." The work is very pleasing in character, it has an abundant amount of melody, and is of such a nature that it is likely to be in demand among small choral societies. Several of its numbers were received with something very closely resembling enthusiasm. The soloists were Mrs. Ashworth, Miss Marie Rhodes, Mr. Hinds, and Mr. Billington.

Accidentals.

THE report that Dr. Hans Richter has resigned his post at the Vienna Opera House, and also his office as conductor of the Philharmonic Society, does not surprise me in the least. Dr. Richter, as the most eminent of living *chefs d'orchestre*, belongs to the entire musical world, while, hitherto, his local labours in the Austrian capital have not only kept him to one place during much of the year, but drawn very heavily upon his strength. In Vienna, Richter, like Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus, is three single gentlemen rolled into one, and has the work of three to do. On certain days, for instance, it becomes his duty to conduct a Mass at the Court Chapel in the morning, a Philharmonic concert in the afternoon, and an opera in the evening. Flesh and blood cannot stand this.

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THE late Sultan Murad V. was a great music-lover, but it may not generally be known that he was also a composer. At any rate, fifteen pieces attributed to him, and said to have been written in 1878, have recently been published in Constantinople.

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THE following communication from Mr. F. H. Cowen seems to imply a final and satisfactory settlement with regard to the Italian production of that composer's "Signa":

"I think it is only fair to Signor Sonzogno to state that the postponement of my opera, 'Signa,' has been by our mutual consent. In suggesting an entirely revised translation of the libretto, the impresario has been actuated by the desire to be able to produce the opera in a form which may render it permanently acceptable to the Italian public, and with a view, not merely to its initial performance, but also to subsequent reproduction; this, I think, may be taken as a proof that he has a real and practical interest in the work and its future success. Signor Sonzogno now desires me to say that he will positively produce 'Signa' in the early autumn, though his arrangements are not at present sufficiently concluded to enable him to state where this production will take place."

IN the course of an interview which the Paris correspondent of an American paper recently had with Señor Sarasate, the famous violinist made the somewhat startling confession that he never practised except at rehearsals. M. Rubinstein, the pianist, once asserted that if he shirked practice for one day his mother (in her lifetime his severest critic) would notice it, if for two days he would know it himself, and if for three days the public would know it. But Señor Sarasate does not find it necessary to practise at all, a rehearsal with the orchestra, which in Paris is held in the enormous salon of his house near the Parc Monceau, amply sufficing. The great violinist frankly added: "Have you never heard how the critics rate me for having such a small repertory? I suppose I ought to practise, but I hate it. I play for myself and to please myself."

* * *

A CURIOUS petition has just been presented to the authorities by the artists of the Berlin Opera, requesting that the privilege of acknowledging applause during the progress of the performance may be restored to them. Some time ago an edict went forth that artists should only be allowed to make their bow after the fall of the act drop, but the rule was, it seems, waived in favour of Mascagni, and the German vocalists demand a similar concession to their artistic weakness. It will probably not be granted.

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ON April 17, Miss Janotha gave a grand concert in Rome for the benefit of the Academy of St. Cecilia. She was assisted by Countess Valda Gleichen, Signor Sgambati, and other eminent artists. The concert was given under the patronage of Princess Marceline Czartoryska, Princess Doria Pampili, Prince and Princess Rodzuvill, Lady Vivian, and other distinguished personages. After this concert, Miss Janotha will accompany Princess Czartoryska to Cracow, where they will jointly prepare a book on Chopin. Princess Czartoryska, as is well known, was Chopin's best pupil. In June, Miss Janotha will return to London. She has been presented by the Queen of Italy with a brooch in blue enamel, bearing in the middle an M and crown in diamonds.

Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony.

FROM R. WAGNER'S "PROGRAMMATISCHE ERLÄUTERUNGEN."

THIS extremely important tone-poem—the master's Third Symphony and the work in which he first completely asserted his individuality—in many respects is not so easy to understand as might be anticipated from its title, because it is precisely this title which unintentionally leads one to look for a succession of heroic achievements, represented by tone-pictures in a certain historically dramatic sense. He who relies upon such expectations for a proper understanding of this work will certainly feel perplexed, and though at last he may arrive at the truth, it will be without having derived full enjoyment from it. If, therefore, I have undertaken the task of explaining as briefly as possible the views I have formed of this musical creation from its poetical intent, I have done so in perfect good faith, and with the view of imparting to future listeners to the work such a knowledge of it as otherwise they would not of themselves be able to attain, except after having repeatedly heard it played in the most perfect manner.

In the first place its appellation of "heroic" is to be taken in its broadest sense, and by no means as referring simply to a military hero. If by "hero" is generally to be understood the full, perfect man, who is capable of experiencing in their highest degree and intensity all the purely human sensations of love, of pain, and power, we shall then be able correctly to grasp the drift of the subject which the artist has sought to impart to us through the powerfully impressive tones of his work. It is the artistic

aim of this work to deal with all the manifold and forcibly convincing sentiments of a strong and fully developed individuality, to which nothing human is strange, but which comprises in itself everything that is really human, and in this way asserts, after the sincerest manifestation of every noble passion, that it has arrived at a definition of its nature which unites the most feeling tenderness with the most energetic power. It is the heroic aim of this work of art to portray the advance towards this conclusion.

The first movement comprises, as it were, in a glowing focus, all the most ambitious, youthful, and active emotions of a richly-endowed human character. Bliss and woe, pleasure and pain, cheerfulness and sadness, thinking and longing, languishing and revelling, boldness, defiance, and an indomitable self-reliance alternate and assert themselves so fully and so directly that, while we are sensible of all these emotions, we feel that not one of them can perceptibly be detached from the others, but that our interest must be centred in the man who reveals himself as susceptible to them all. Nevertheless, all these emotions proceed from one main faculty, and this is energetic power. This power, infinitely enhanced by all emotional impressions, and forced to an utterance of the superabundance of its nature, is the mainspring of this musical picture; it masses itself—towards the middle of the movement—into an annihilating force, and asserts itself so defiantly that we seem to see before us a world-destroyer, a Titan fighting with gods.

This crushing power, which at the same time fills us with feelings of rapture and dread, presses on towards a tragical catastrophe, the serious importance of which manifests itself to our feelings in the second movement. This manifestation is presented by the tone-poet in the garb of a funeral march. The sensation imparted to us by its keenly expressive musical speech is one of overwhelming grief and solemn mourning; it seems to portray the progress of an earnest manly sadness from mournful complaining to tender emotion, to remembrance, to tears of love, to heartfelt elevation, to inspired exclaiming. From feelings of pain there springs up a new power, which warms and elevates our feelings; to sustain this power we recur again to pain; we yield ourselves up to it till it dies away in sighs; but at this moment we gather up again our full strength. We will not succumb, but endure; we express not our mourning, but cherish it with a manly and courageous heart. Who is there that can paint in words the endlessly manifold, but at the same time inexpressible, emotions which make themselves so delicately felt in their progress from pain to highest exaltation, and from exaltation to tenderest sadness, until their last dissolution in unsatisfied musing? The tone-poet alone could effect this in this wondrous piece of music.

The third movement, by its excessive brightness, shows us man's power divested of its destructive daring by the severe pain by which it has been curbed. Its wild impetuosity has taken the form of fresh and lively activity; we have now before us the lovable, cheerful man, who in health and happiness passes through Nature's plains, smiling at her flowery fields, and making the forest heights resound with his merry hunting-horn; his present feelings the master imparts to us in this bright and vigorous tone-picture, and what these are he finally tells us by those horns which musically express the hero's gay and blithesome humour, but which at the same time is full of tender feeling. In this third movement the tone-poet shows us the man of sensibility, but from an opposite point of view to that in which he has presented him to us in the second movement; there the severely but bravely suffering, here the glad and vigorously active man.

These two sides of his nature the master now brings together in the fourth and last movement, in order at length to show us the complete and harmoniously constituted man in that condition of feeling in which the mere thought of pain has instigated him to deeds of noble activity. This final movement is therefore the consequent clear and explanatory antitype of the first movement. As in that we have seen all the human emotions at one time making themselves felt by their infinitely varied utterances, at another repelling each other by their violent dissimilarity, so in

this their various points of difference unite towards one conclusion, which by its harmonious comprehension of all these emotions presents itself to us in a goodly and plastic figure. This figure the master has restricted to a remarkably simple theme which presents itself to us as something fixed and definite, and is capable of infinite development, from the most delicate fineness to extreme vigour. This theme, which may be regarded as representing a firm, manly individuality, is surrounded by, and from the beginning of the movement yields itself to, all the softer and tenderer emotions, which develop themselves into a declaration of the purely feminine element, which at last manifests itself in the manly principal theme—as it strides energetically through the whole movement—with continually increasing and varied interest as the overwhelming power of Love. This power breaks forth with all its fulness upon the heart towards the end of the movement. The restless motion ceases, and in noble and affecting repose love declares itself, at first gently and tenderly, then by degrees growing to ravishing enthusiasm, and at last taking possession of the entire manly heart, even to its lowest depths. Here once more this heart gives utterance to the thought of life's pains; yet the breast, overflowing with love, swells—the breast which in its joy comprehends also its pain, just as if joy and woe in their effect upon mankind were one and the same thing. Once more the heart palpitates, and makes the tears of noble manliness to flow; yet from the charm of sadness breaks forth the triumphant shout of power—that power which has allied itself to love, and in which the fully perfect man now rejoicingly calls out to us for an acknowledgment of his godhead.

But the unspeakable, which with the greatest embarrassment I have here attempted to hint at in words, could only be fully revealed by the master's tone language.

Endorby (Leicestershire).

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A SOLEMN musical service was held in the Parish Church on Good Friday evening, when Sir John Stainer's oratorio of the "Crucifixion" was most ably rendered by the choir. The principal tenor solos were sustained by Mr. F. Spence (member of the choir)—his singing of "King ever glorious" being especially effective. Considering that this was the first attempt by the choir at a work of this kind, the whole was most creditably given. Special thanks and praise are due to the indefatigable efforts of the conductor (Mr. H. Biggs) and the organist (Mr. T. H. Spiers, L.L.C.M., of Leicester), who presided at the organ in his usual skillful manner.

It is to be hoped the great success which attended this first performance in the parish church of an oratorio in its complete form may be followed by still greater efforts in this direction.

The annual concert on behalf of the Village Church Choir was given in the National School, on Friday, April 7, which proved to be one of the best—perhaps the best—ever held in the village. Local talent is almost always very attractive at concerts, but on this occasion the presence of such accomplished vocalists as Fräulein Alexander and Mr. Herbert Sims Reeves added considerably to the attraction. Mrs. Kinder (Florence Aylward), who is a talented composer of music, and undoubtedly one of the finest accompanists of the day, was also taking part, and must at least have been greatly encouraged by the manner in which the large and fashionable audience present showed their high appreciation of her excellent work, as her various compositions were treated by the performers.

Even the "local lights" in music have perhaps never shone more brightly at any previous concert, and the frequent plaudits and deafening encores, which told of the thorough enjoyment of the audience, were richly deserved. At the appearance of Mr. H. Sims Reeves (the son of the great tenor), the applause was simply overwhelming, and, if possible, increased more and more up to the singing of his last song. It is a matter of great difficulty sometimes to prefer the rendering of one song to another from our distinguished vocalists, but undoubtedly Mr. Reeves', of the good old "Bay of Biscay," was a treat ever to be remembered.

Special mention must also be made of the song "An Old-Time Woe," specially written for Mr. Reeves by Mrs. Kinder (Florence Aylward), which was sung most effectively—in fact, both the composition and Mr. Reeves, who sang it, are worthy of the highest praise. To the delight of all present, the welcome visitor was good enough to respond to the encores, and it will be seen by the programme, as given below, that he certainly took his share in the concert. Fräulein Alexander also sang in excellent style, her rendering of "Do as they do in England" evoking much praise. Mr. T. H. Spiers, L.L.C.M. (the highly esteemed and talented organist of the parish church), fully maintained his reputation—his solos on the pianoforte and violin being an absolute treat to listen to.

The pianoforte duet given by Mrs. Aylward and Mrs. Kinder proved most enjoyable, both ladies also most ably acting as accompanists during the evening. Towards the close of the proceedings the Rev. A. Frewen Aylward (vicar), who did much in promoting the concert, remarked that all, he was sure, were deeply grateful to Fräulein Alexander and Mr. H. Sims Reeves for their kindness in taking part at that concert, the like of which had not been in that village for a long time; if ever (hear, hear, and applause). In fact the concert, from beginning to end, was an undoubted success, reflecting the greatest credit on the promoters of the same, and on all who took part in the carrying out of the programme. The room was tastefully

decorated with choice plants, etc., and the whole arrangements reflected much credit upon Mr. W. Battersby, schoolmaster. The following was the programme:

PART I.

- Vocal Trio ... "Rest thee on this mossy pillow" ... *Smart.*
 Misses Lorton, Clarke and Dorman.
 Song ... "The gauntlet's down" ... *H. Stark.*
 Mr. J. Cooper.
 Solo (violin) ... "Melodies," No. I. (3rd set) and No. III. (1st set) ... *Florence Aylward.*
 Mr. T. H. Spiers, L.L.C.M. (encored).
 Song ... "Zuyder Zee" ... *Rouket.*
 Miss Rawson.
 Solo (clarinet) ... "Alicanti" ... *Le Thiere.*
 Mr. Horace Biggs (encored).
 Song (first time in public) ... "Across the starlit Sea" ... *Florence Aylward.*
 The Rev. A. F. Aylward (who gave the song "Cockles and Mussels" as an encore).
 Song ... "Like to Like" ... *V. M. Turner.*
 Song ... "Fraulein Alexander (encored)." ... *Fraulein Alexander.*
 Duet (pianoforte) ... "Polish Dance"—No. I. ... *Scharwenka.*
 Mrs. Aylward and Mrs. Kinder.
 Song (composed expressly for Mr. H. Sims Reeves) ... "An Old-time Wooing" ... *Florence Aylward.*
 Mr. H. Sims Reeves.
 Song ... "Tom Bowling" ... *Mr. H. Sims Reeves.*

PART II.

- Trio (instrumental) ... Overture to "Norma" ... *Bellini.*
 Piano, Mrs. Kinder; Violin, Mr. T. H. Spiers, L.L.C.M.; Harmonium, Mr. F. Cartwright.
 Song ... "Sweet hearts still" ... *Florence Aylward.*
 Miss Lockton (encored).
 Song ... "Good-night, Beloved" ... *Balfé.*
 Mr. Fred. Spence.
 Solo (pianoforte) ... "Impromptu"—No. III. ... *Schubert.*
 Mr. T. H. Spiers, L.L.C.M. (encored).
 Song ... "When you and I were Young" ... *Florence Aylward.*
 Fraulein Alexander (encored).
 Song ... "Do as they do in England" ... *Fraulein Alexander.*
 Song ... "The Deathless Army" ... *Trotter.*
 Sergeant Lockton.
 Solo (violin) ... "Air with variations" ... *Farmer.*
 Mr. Archibald Mortimer (encored).
 Song ... "A Garland of Ivy" ... *Florence Aylward.*
 Mr. H. Sims Reeves.
 Song ... "Bay of Biscay" ... *Mr. H. Sims Reeves.*
 Song ... "Come into the Garden, Maud" ... *Mr. Reeves.*
 Plantation Song and Chorus ... "De ole Banjo" ... *A. S. Gatty.*
 Rev. A. F. Aylward, Mr. Kinder, Miss Rawson, and Mr. Arthur Stevens (encored).
 "God save the Queen."

Music at Bristol.

THE second concert of the Subscription Orchestral Society contained three novelties (to a Bristol audience), Brahms' Symphony No. 2 in D (Op. 73); selections from Dr. Hubert Parry's music to "Hypatia," conducted by the composer; and a Fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra (No. 2) in G, by Miss Dora Bright, who presided at the solo instrument—all being given for the first time here.

The Symphony will doubtless improve upon a second hearing; there is much that is rich and beautiful in each of the four movements, but those which perhaps appealed most to the audience were the Adagio and Allegretto grazioso.

Dr. Parry's composition is eminently descriptive, and of the selections given, the "Street Scene" and "Triumphal March" may be singled out for special notice. Miss Brema was the vocalist, and was particularly successful in her rendering of Joachim's "Scene der Marfa."

The remainder of the concert consisted of Weber's overture to "Oberon," and the ever-popular overture to "Tannhäuser," the interpretation of both meeting with hearty applause.

Messrs. Harrison's fourth, and last, concert for this season deserved a better attendance, many vacant seats unfortunately being noticed. The special attractions were Lady Hallé and Madame de Pachmann, both of whom in their respective parts excelled, if it may be so termed, their former reputation. Lady Hallé's deep feeling and wonderful execution were again brought forth in the various pieces chosen by her, which included Tartini's "Il Trillo del Diavolo," a Romanza in A by Piatini, and Bazzini's "Ronde des Lutins," all of which were superbly given and heartily encored. Madame de Pachmann's solos were Chopin's "Ballade" in G minor, Raff's "Rigaudon," and "L'invitation à la Valse" (Weber-Tausig), in which last, perhaps, she achieved the greatest success. Her playing throughout was marked by a certain delicacy of touch and beauty of expression. The four vocalists,

Madame Amy Sherwin, Miss Alice Hill, Mr. Newbury, and Mr. Norman Salmond, each met with a flattering reception; but the mistake of permitting so many encores caused an enjoyable concert to become unnecessarily long. Should Messrs. Harrison, as it may well be hoped, repeat their concerts another season, it would be advisable to restrict encores to at least a reasonable number.

The second section of the Bristol Instrumentalists' Society gave their first "open" night on March 24, under the directorship of Mr. George Risely. For so young a society to perform Mozart's Symphony in C major, besides the marches of "Athalia" and "Cornelius," which were all rendered in a very creditable style, is sufficient proof of the care with which the "Instrumentalists" have been trained. Miss Cromey contributed two songs, Somerville's charming "Shepherd's Cradle Song," and Gottschalk's "O loving heart, trust on."

Of the other concerts recently held, mention should be made of one given by the Bristol Musical Association, and also the Bristol Gleemen's annual performance.

Several musical services, suitable for the season of the Church, have been held at different places of worship, a really fine rendering of Rossini's "Stabat Mater" being given at the Pro-Cathedral on Palm Sunday.

The interesting series of Wagner Lectures by Mr. Carl Armbruster, assisted by Miss Cramer, have come to a conclusion. Much gratification has been afforded to all who attended these gatherings.

Manchester Tonic - Sol - Fa Choral Union.

PRESENTATION TO MR. CROSS.

ON Saturday, April 15, the annual soirée given by Mr. Cross to the members of the choir for their services during the past season was held in the Secular Hall, Bloomsbury.

After partaking of the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Cross, dancing commenced, and was continued until 11.30 p.m. During an interval in the dancing, the hon. treasurer, Mr. Kirkham, who was introduced by Mr. Page, rose to make a presentation, which took the shape of a magnificent tea urn and one dozen spoons, to Mr. Cross on behalf of the members of the choir. Mr. Kirkham spoke of the high appreciation in which Mr. Cross was held by all members of the choir, and trusted that his health would continue good for many years to come. On behalf of the Choral Union he asked Mr. Cross to accept the testimonial as a token of their regard and esteem. Mr. Cross feelingly responded, and said that the presentation came quite as a surprise to both himself and wife. He referred to the recent establishment of the Manchester School of Music, and said that in years to come Manchester would be the better for such a school. It gave him very great pleasure to be the recipient of such a magnificent and useful present. He trusted the good feeling that had always existed between himself and the choir might continue for all time. On behalf also of Mrs. Cross, he begged to thank the choir for their very beautiful present.

W. K. M.



Patents.

THIS list is specially compiled for the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC by Messrs. Rayner and Co., patent agents, 37, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., from whom information relating to patents may be had gratuitously.

4,848. George Prowse, 54, Fleet Street, London. Improvements in pianofortes. March 6th.

4,968. George Herring Eames, 45, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London. An improved violin chin-rest. March 7th.

5,060. Friedrich Adolf Ritzler, 33, Chancery Lane, London. Improvements in mechanically-acting musical instruments. March 8th.

5,484. William Dobson, 128, Colmore Row, Birmingham. Improved means for use in teaching music by demonstration. March 14th.

5,507. Martin Koeniges, 23, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London. Improvements in machines for covering pianoforte hammers. March 14th.

5,630. Arthur Septimus Millward, 38, Chancery Lane, London. An improved portfolio for containing magazines, sheet-music, legal documents, or the like.

5,626. Joseph Adam, 37, Chancery Lane, London. Improvements relating to violin and other like bows.

6,011. Charles Baron Clarke, 21, Cockspur Street, London. Improvements in the construction of organs. March 21st.

6,075. William Frederick Needham, 12, Cherry Street, Birmingham. A new or improved combination table and musical box. March 22nd.

6,703. Alfred George Brown, 8, Quality Court, Chancery Lane, London. Improvements in pianofortes. March 29th.

6,764. James Atkinson, 40, Chancery Lane, London. Improvements in apparatus for muting violins and other stringed instruments. March 21st.

MADAME BELLA MONTI, Soprano.

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PRESS OPINIONS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—"Mme. MONTI, an eminent Prima Donna, who won golden opinions on the Continent, was a bright and particular star of the Soirée. She sang Mendelssohn's scena, 'Infelice,' in grand style; also a familiar song of Schumann, and a new song, 'Vanished,' which won a *bis*. Her distinct pronunciation of English was noticed by the discerning part of the audience with glad approval."—*The Musical Standard*.

MADAME MONTI'S CONCERT.—"Mme. MONTI's aria *d'entrata* was the romance of Alice, from 'Robert le Diable.' 'Vat di elle,' sung in the original key of E major. The triumph of the day was Bach-Gounod's 'Ave Maria,' sung by her, with effective accompaniments on the pianoforte (Herr Leideritz) and violoncello (Mons. Hollman). Mme. MONTI afterwards sang, with *clat*, Artôt's song, 'A Breaking Heart,' and Rossini's 'La Promessa.'—*The Musical Standard*.

MR. BONAWITZ'S OPERA, "OSTROLENKA."—"Mme. MONTI took the double representation of the rival queens, as her fellow-songstress fell ill suddenly, and the distinguished audience was delighted with the sweet, clear tone of Mme. MONTI, who sang with much pathos of expression, and received enthusiastic approval. She afterwards had the gratification of being presented to the Princess."—*The Court Journal*.

LESLIE'S CHOIR.—"Mme. MONTI gave a rendering of the grand air from 'Fidelio' with excellent taste."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

LESLIE'S CHOIR.—"Solos were sung by Mme. MONTI, who gave a fine rendering of Beethoven's air from 'Fidelio.'—*The Globe*.

LESLIE'S CHOIR.—"Mme. MONTI sang the great air from 'Fidelio' and two songs by Mozart and Mendelssohn in pure and artistic style."—*The Morning Post*.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—"Mme. MONTI, a new-comer, with a powerful voice, sang the great scene of 'Softly sighs,' from 'Der Freischütz.'—*The Sunday Times*.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—"MR. MANNS' BENEFIT CONCERT.—A new-comer from Dresden, Mme. MONTI, earned much applause, delivering the great scene from 'Freischütz,' 'Leise, Leise.'—*The Daily News*.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—"Mme. MONTI sang the grand air from 'Freischütz' in pure style."—*The Times*.

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Magazine of Music Supplement, May 1893.

The Arethusa.

Song by SHIELD.

SONATINE

by
F. KUHLAU.

FORTUNE

Song by
Rob^t Schumann.

May Song

by
Rob^t Schumann.

London.

MAGAZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.
ST. MARTIN'S HOUSE, LUDGATE HILL. E.C.

THE ARETHUSA.

SONG.

Words by
PRINCE HOARE.

Music by
SHIELD.

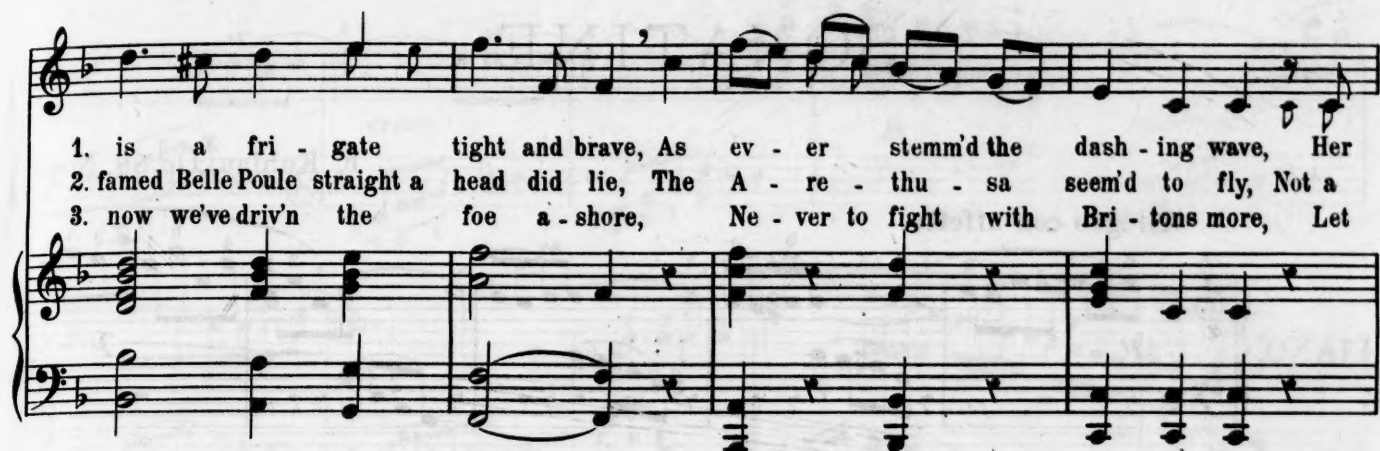
VOICE.

PIANO.

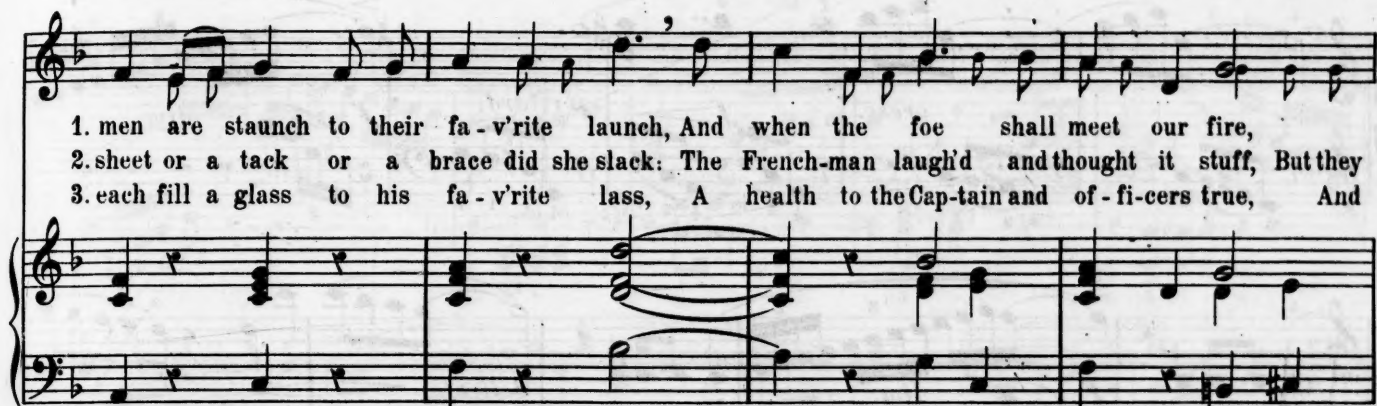
1. Come all ye jol - ly sail - ors bold, Whose hearts are cast in
2. Twas with the Spring - fleet she went out, The En - glish Channel to
3. The fight was off the French - men's land, We drove them back up -

mf legato
1. ho - nour's mould, While En - glish glo - ry I un - fold Hur -
2. cruise a - bout, When four French sail in show so stout Bore
3. on their strand For we fought till not a stick would stand Of the

1. rah for the A - re - thu - sa. She
2. down on the A - re - thu - sa. The
3. gal - lant A - re - thu - sa. And

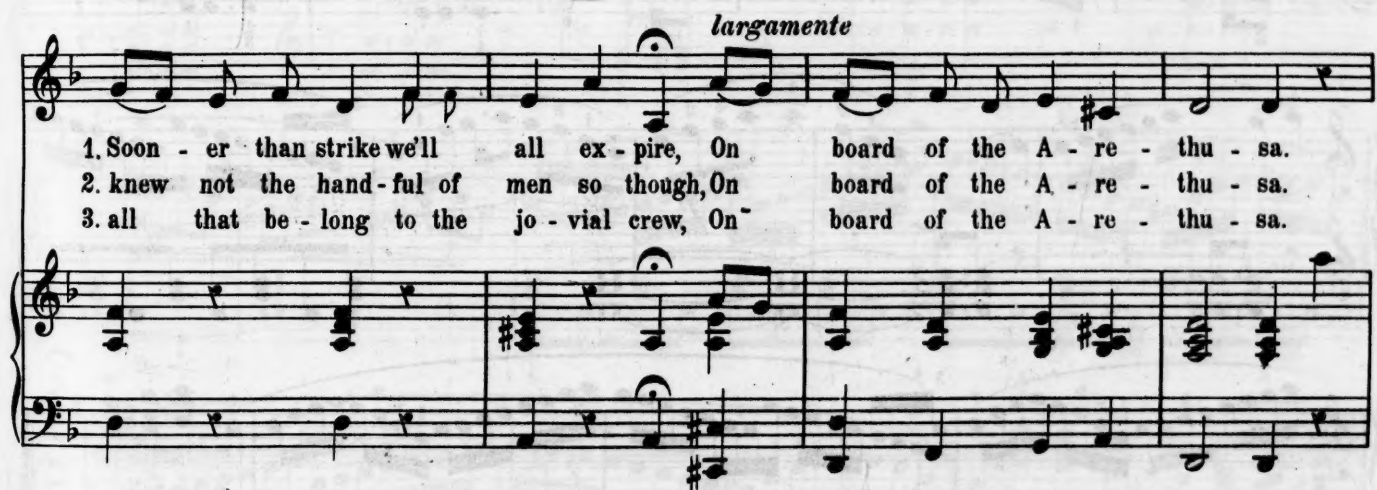


1. is a fri - gate tight and brave, As ev - er stemm'd the dash - ing wave, Her
 2. famed Belle Poule straight a head did lie, The A - re - thu - sa seem'd to fly, Not a
 3. now we've driv'n the foe a - shore, Ne - ver to fight with Bri - tons more, Let



1. men are staunch to their fa - v'rite launch, And when the foe shall meet our fire,
 2. sheet or a tack or a brace did she slack: The French-man laugh'd and thought it stuff, But they
 3. each fill a glass to his fa - v'rite lass, A health to the Cap-tain and of - fi-cers true, And

largamente



1. Soon - er than strike we'll all ex - pire, On board of the A - re - thu - sa.
 2. knew not the hand - ful of men so though, On board of the A - re - thu - sa.
 3. all that be - long to the jo - vial crew, On board of the A - re - thu - sa.



F. Kuhlau, Op. 88. No. 3.

Allegro con affetto.

PIANO.

Allegro con affetto.

PIANO.

p

cresc.

f

p ritard.

f

dim.

delicato

cresc.

f

cresc.

p

This page contains seven systems of musical notation for a piano piece. The notation is written for both the right and left hands on grand staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/8. The piece includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and fingerings (e.g., 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8). Dynamics include *cresc.*, *p*, *f*, *dim.*, *delicato*, and *morendo*. The piece concludes with a *morendo* marking and a final chord.

System 1: *cresc.*, *p*, *smorzando*

System 2: *f*, *dim.*, *p*

System 3: *f*, *dim.*, *p*, *delicato*

System 4: *p*, *cresc.*

System 5: *morendo*

FORTUNE.

R. Schumann.

Presto assai.

SOPRANO.

MEZZO
SOPRANO.

PIANO.

Bird on the tree, *p* Singing in glee, Now it is
 Hi-therward hie-ing, Off a-gain fly-ing.
 near, Now it is here, Seize it now, pray!
 Now it is hid-ing, Kind and con-fi-ding. Vain is your
 Mocking and gay, Off it is fly-ing. Now it is nigh; Catch, if you're clev-er!
 try-ing; Off it is fly-ing. Now it is nigh; Catch, if you're
 Ah! now you sigh, Vain the en-dea-vour. Ne-ver de-spair! Bet-ter not mind it;
 clev-er! Ah! now you sigh, Vain the en-dea-vour. Ne-ver de-spair! Bet-ter not

Cast a-way care! Wait till you find it. Bet-ter to wait. Pleasures sur-round you. Ear-ly or
mind it; Cast a-way care! Bet-ter to wait, to wait. Pleasures sur-round you. Ear-ly or

cresc.

cresc.

cresc.

late, It will have found you. Though but a flow'r Then that it flings you, Welcome the hour,
late, It will have found you. Though but a flow'r Then that it flings you, Welcome the

cresc.

cresc.

cresc.

Take what it brings, what it brings you! Welcome the hour, Take what it brings you! Welcome the
hour, Take what it brings you! Take what it brings, what it brings you! Welcome the

f

p

cresc.

cresc.

cresc.

And. *

hour, Take what it brings, what it brings you!
hour, Take what it brings, what it brings you!

f

f

f

f

Giocoso.

**MEZZO
SOPRANO.**

PIANO.

down be - side the brook-let Sweet vi - o - lets are seen. How sad - ly we were
mer - ri - ly. the chil-dren Are shout-ing in their glee. The sum - mer sun is

pi - ning, were pi - ning A flow'r a - gain to see, And in the leaf-y
shi-ning, is shi-ning Far o - ver hill and dale, And brings the time of

woodlands To wan - der, wan-der, wan-der wide and free.
ros - es And tune - ful, tune-ful, tune-ful night - in - gale.

Magazine of Music Supplement, May 1893.

Typical Harpsichord Pieces.

Baptist Lully, Gavot.

Dr. Blow, Fugue.

Henry Purcell, Adagio from the "Golden Sonata."

P. E. Bach, Minuet.

Dom. Scarlatti, Sonata.

G. F. Handel, Sonata.



London.

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MAY SONG.

R. Schumann.

Giocoso.

SOPRANO.

MEZZO
SOPRANO.

PIANO.

1. A - gain in field and fo- rest The leaves are grow- ing green, And
 2. How balm- y are the breezes, When win- try sha- dows flee; And

1. A - gain in field and fo- rest The leaves are grow- ing green, And
 2. How balm- y are the breezes, When win- try sha- dows flee; And

down be - side the brook- let Sweet vi - o - lets are seen. How sad - ly we were
 mer - ri - ly. the chil- dren Are shout- ing in their glee. The sum - mer sun is

down be - side the brook- let Sweet vi - o - lets are seen. How sad - ly we were
 mer - ri - ly the chil- dren Are shout- ing in their glee. The sum - mer sun is

pi- ning, were pi- ning A flow' r a - gain to see, And in the leaf- y
 shi- ning, is shi- ning Far o - ver hill and dale, And brings the time of

pi- ning, were pi- ning A flow' r a - gain to see, And in the leaf- y
 shi- ning, is shi- ning Far o - ver hill and dale, And brings the time of

woodlands To wan - der, wan- der, wan- der wide and free.
 ros - es And tune - ful, tune- ful, tune- ful night - in - gale.

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GAVOT.

BAPTIST LULLY.

PIANO.

Musical score for Gavot by Baptist Lully, marked PIANO. The score consists of four systems of piano accompaniment, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The music features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The first system includes a 'Piano' marking. The fourth system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

FUGUE.

D^r. BLOW.

Musical score for Fugue by D^r. Blow. The score consists of three systems of piano accompaniment, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The music features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The first system includes a 'D^r. BLOW.' marking. The third system ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

ADAGIO
from the "GOLDEN SONATA."

HENRY PURCELL.

MINUET.

P. E. BACH.

SONATA.

DOMENICO SCARLATTI.

The musical score is written for a single instrument, likely a harpsichord or keyboard, in a single system. It consists of eight systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The score begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The first system features a complex, rapid melody in the treble staff and a more rhythmic bass line. The second system continues the melodic development. The third system shows a change in texture with more chords in the treble. The fourth system includes a crescendo (*cresc.*) and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The fifth system features a crescendo (*cresc.*) and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The sixth system includes a fortissimo (*f*) dynamic, a diminuendo (*dim.*), and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The seventh system continues the melodic development. The eighth system concludes the piece with a final cadence. The score is marked with various musical notations, including notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

SONATA.

Allegro con brio. ♩ = 120

G. F. HANDEL.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of eight systems of two staves each. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked "Allegro con brio" with a metronome marking of ♩ = 120. The piece begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The first system includes a piano (p) dynamic marking. The second system features a crescendo (cresc.) marking. The third system includes a piano (p) dynamic marking and a crescendo (cresc.) marking. The fourth system includes a forte (f) dynamic marking and a decrescendo (dim.) marking. The fifth system includes a "cresc. molto" marking and a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking. The sixth system includes a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking and a piano (p) dynamic marking. The seventh system includes a piano (p) dynamic marking and a forte (f) dynamic marking. The eighth system includes a forte (f) dynamic marking, a decrescendo (dim.) marking, and a "ten. cresc." (tension crescendo) marking. The piece concludes with a final cadence.

This page contains seven systems of musical notation, each consisting of a treble and bass staff. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The dynamics include *f* (forte), *p* (piano), *mf* (mezzo-forte), *cresc.* (crescendo), *dim.* (diminuendo), and *cresc. poco a poco*. Articulation markings include *marcato*. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1 through 4. The piece is in a key with one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The notation is complex, with many beamed notes and slurs, suggesting a technically demanding piece.

System 1: Treble staff begins with a *f* dynamic and a *marcato* marking. The bass staff has a 2/4 time signature. The system ends with a *p* dynamic.

System 2: Treble staff begins with a *cresc.* marking. The bass staff has a *f* dynamic. The system ends with a *p* dynamic.

System 3: Treble staff begins with a *p* dynamic. The bass staff has a *cresc.* marking. The system ends with a *f* dynamic.

System 4: Treble staff begins with a *p* dynamic. The bass staff has a *p* dynamic. The system ends with a *p* dynamic.

System 5: Treble staff begins with a *cresc.* marking. The bass staff has a *f* dynamic. The system ends with a *p* dynamic.

System 6: Treble staff begins with a *mf* dynamic. The bass staff has a *p* dynamic. The system ends with a *cresc. poco a poco* marking.

System 7: Treble staff begins with a *f* dynamic. The bass staff has a *f* dynamic. The system ends with a *f* dynamic.



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